BALLOU'S MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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LILIES.

Among all the beautiful flowers that spring up so gayly to decorate the earth, and to gladden the eye and heart of man, some few are preeminent for their graceful forms and exquisite coloring; in this group the Lily occupies a place by the side of the glowing Rose, that universal favorite. From the earliest times the praises of the lily have been sung, and to all lovers of the beautiful it is especially dear. Blessed above other flowers is it, also, in that it has been honored by mention from those lips upon whose utterances the whole Christian world depends for light and guidance. The eyes of Jesus of Nazareth doubtless often rested with loving admiration on those brilliantly beautiful children of Nature, the lilies of Palestine, and he selected them as the most fitting examples of natural splendor in the floral kingdom with which to rebuke the unseemly pride of man. Ah, happy, happy flower! to which was granted the inestimable privilege of winning for itself such glorious immortality! A thousand objects grander and more awe-inspiring might have been chosen, but with that sweet and gentle wisdom which we revere, and gaining an untold charm from the heavenly music of his voice, came the words, "Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin. And yet I say unto you that Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these." Like an echo to our thoughts sound the words of the poetess:

LILIUM LANCIFOLIUM.

LILIUM CHALCEDONICUM.

"Imperial beauty! fair, unrivalled one!
What flower of earth has honor high as thine,—
To find its name on His unsullied lips,
Whose eye was light from heaven?

In vain the power
Of human voice to swell the strain of praise
Thou hast received; and which will ever sound
Long as the page of inspiration shines—
While mortal songs shall die as summer winds,
That, wafting off thine odors, sink to sleep!
I will not praise thee, then; but thou shalt be
My hallowed flower! The sweetest, purest thoughts
Shall cluster round thee, as thy snowy bells
On the green polished stalk, that puts them forth!
I will consider thee, and melt my cares
In the bland accents of *His* soothing voice,
Who, from the hill of Palestine, looked round
For a specimen of skill divine;
And, pointing out the *Lily of the field*,
Declared, the wisest of all Israel's kings,
In his full glory, not arrayed like thee!"

The pen of another has given to the world a yet sweeter tribute than the above, and, charmed by the combined thought and music of Mrs. Hemans, we cannot refrain from quoting her delicate lines:

"Flowers! when the Saviour's calm, benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson for all hearts he drew
Eternal, universal as the sky—
Then in the bosom of your purity,
A voice he set, as in a temple-shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by
Unwarned of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound
By the harsh notes of workday care is drowned,
And the loud steps of vain, unlistening haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hushed hour,
Than yours, ye lilies! chosen thus and graced!"

One species of the Lily of Palestine, and probably the very same referred to by the great Teacher, is now cultivated in our gardens, where its wonderful splendor at once attracts the eye and compels admiration. It is called the *Lilium Chalcedonicum*, and is not very large, being about the size of our native lily, but its color is a scarlet, so beautiful and so vivid that no representations either in words or on canvas can do it justice. It is, indeed, a hue that is beyond the reach of art, and can only be produced in the secret laboratory of Nature. That power which adorns the azure halls of sunrise and sunset with floating, changing draperies of rose and purple, crimson and gold, which clothes in jewel-like splendor bird and butterfly, and tints the leaves of autumn so gorgeously, can likewise paint the petals of the lily in hues that defy all the alchemy of mortal art, while they arouse feelings of delight in the beholder. Yet the secrets of Nature are the laws of God; and though we may not understand the mysteries of the powers of earth and air, which, when combined, produce such exquisite results, Nature herself is kind, and allows us by study and observation to become familiar with some of her processes. She permits us to learn the habits and necessities of her children, of which flowers would seem to be her favorites, since she lavishes upon them so much beauty of form and color. The successful florist is one who has been taught of Nature in her great garden of the world, and who has minutely and humbly followed out her eloquent though silent suggestions. To such our thanks are due for the great variety of lovely flowers, transplanted from almost all portions of the earth, that fill our gardens with brightness and perfume, some of them even gladdening us in our windows during winter.

A favorite with all is the pretty modest *lily of the valley*, whose tiny drooping bells of snow contrast so prettily with its broad green leaves. It seems the very impersonation of purity and delicacy, and charms by its unpretending grace, thus proving itself a worthy member of the lily family. In the garden in summer, or in the house when snow covers the ground, the lily of the vale is always a welcome sight. Some one has written:

"There is a pale and modest flower,
In garb of green arrayed,
That decks the rustic maiden's bower
And blossoms in the glade;
Though other flowers around me bloom,
In gaudy splendor drest,
Filling the air with rich perfume,
I love the lily best."

Our own native field lily is too well known to need description, and is a gay pretty flower, enlivening the fields and roadsides with its beauty. It is also cultivated in gardens, and with good results.

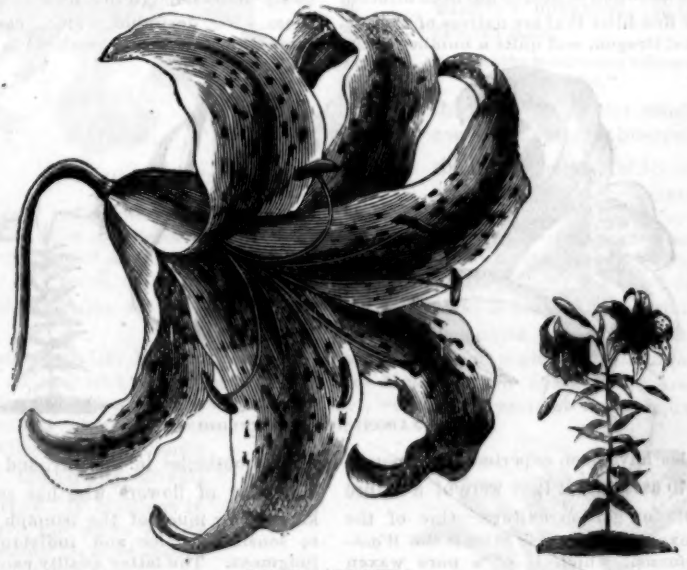
We now come to a group of lilies upon which Nature would seem to have lavished her choicest gifts; and the terms *splendid* and *magnificent* are not too pronounced to be applied to them, for they call forth such expressions at once. We allude, of course, to the famous Japan lilies, which for beauty of form and color cannot be excelled; the exquisite hues of their petals are beyond description in words, and are at once delicate and brilliant. The variety of these lilies called

Lilium Lancifolium is not only a rarely beautiful flower to the eye, but is also very fragrant. Its flowering stems grow to the height of four or five feet, and each stem bears from two to twelve flowers. These lilies have six petals of a pure frosted white, which is flushed with deep rose-color, and dotted with ruby-like spots of deepest red. The texture of the whole adds greatly to its beauty, and the blossom must be seen to be appreciated.

A truly royal lily is the *Auratum*, or the great lily of Japan, sometimes called the Golden-Banded Lily. It measures ten to twelve inches across, and like the *Lancifolium*, has six petals having the appearance of the purest ivory. Each of these parts is covered with crimson spots, while through the centre runs a golden band. Imagine a dozen of these truly magnificent flowers on a single stem, and you have some idea of the beauty that will spring from a single *Auratum* bulb, when properly planted and treated. Time only improves the bulbs, and though the number of blossoms may not be large the first season, it will increase every year for a long time.

Another Japan lily is the *Longiflorum*, a pure white trumpet-shaped lily, four or more inches long. It is beautiful, hardy and healthy, the two latter qualities making its successful cultivation easy. The plant grows to the height of eighteen inches, and will thrive in the house as well as out-of-doors, so that it may form one of the floral delights of winter.

A more common species of lily is the *Lilium Candidum*, the frequently seen white lily, which needs no word of praise from us since its loveliness is evident to every observer. A more charming sight than a large cluster of these pure fragrant lilies it would be difficult to imagine; and their presence in large bouquets is always an improvement. It must have been a blossom of this order that suggested to the mind of Percival these beautiful lines:



LILIUM AURATUM.

"I had found out a sweet green spot
Where a lily was blooming fair;
The din of the city disturbed it not;
But the spirit that shades the quiet cot
With its wings of love was there.

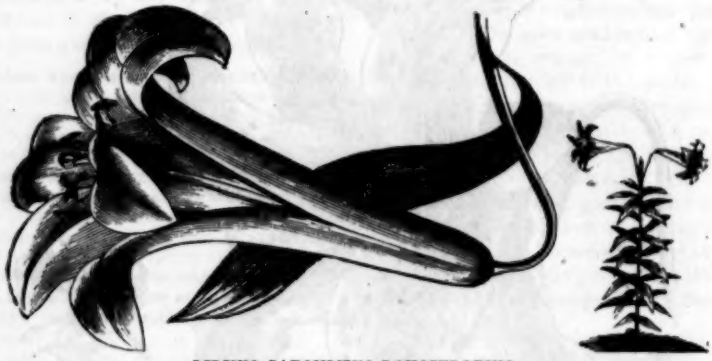
"I found that lily's bloom
When the day was dark and chill;
It smiled like a star in a misty gloom,
And it sent abroad a sweet perfume,
Which is floating around me still.

"I sat by the lily's bell,
And watched it many a day;—
The leaves, that rose in a flowing spell,
Grew faint and dim, then drooped and fell,
And the flower had flown away."

The *Praecox*, or *speciosum album*, is a very beautiful species of lily, and one lately introduced for public favor, it being a recent importation from Japan. It is of the purest white, with a central band and stem of light or pea-green. This lovely stranger will doubtless be highly prized by those who can afford to indulge their taste for rare and beautiful flowers.

A very delicate buff lily is the *Excelsum*, which is also exceedingly fragrant. It blossoms very freely, and will grow to the height of four feet or more, a great cluster of the lilies bending their graceful heads from the summit of the tall flower stem.

The attention of florists has been directed to the fine lilies that are natives of California and Oregon, and quite a number of the



LILIUM JAPONICUM LONGIFLORUM

varieties have been experimented upon in order to ascertain if they were of a nature suitable for garden culture. One of the most exquisite of these lilies is the *Washingtonianum*, which is of a pure waxen white, the surface of the leaves shining with a gloss like that imparted by varnish, and dotted with fine purple spots. The clear whiteness of the petals changes after the flower opens to pink, which grows darker each day, the result of this modification of color being that on the same stalk blossoms may be seen ranging in hue from white to a deep purplish pink. In speaking of this variety of lily, Mr. Vick, in his always welcome "Floral Guide," says, with his usual frankness and sincerity, that failure with the bulbs of the *Washingtonianum* and other California lilies lately introduced to notice is possible to new beginners, while there is every probability of success.

The thought of possessing such a "thing of beauty" as a fine plant of this order must be is enough to arouse the enthusiasm of every lover of flowers, and it would seem as if there should be little need of disappointment with this, or other floral treasures, if the admirably clear and sensible directions given in the "Guide" were followed. It is, indeed, a model publication, and one that may be relied upon as trustworthy, since it does not seek to raise false hopes of success attained without care and judgment, but plainly points out the difficulties in the way of successful gardening, while at the same time it tells in easily-understood terms how to overcome them. No desirable object can be attained in this world without a struggle against obstacles in the way, and only the cultivator of flowers who has succeeded knows how much of the triumph was due to sensible advice and individual good judgment. The latter quality cannot very well be dispensed with in any pursuit, and the person who imagines that floriculture is mere child's-play only shows his extreme ignorance of the subject. A true love of the beautiful ennobles heart and mind, and leads us to "look through nature up to nature's God."

Two more of the California lilies deserve a mention here—the *Humboldtii* and the *Pardalinum*. The first is of a yellowish color, diversified with large brown spots, and is very pretty, growing to the height of four feet. When wild, it is found opening its petals beneath the shade of trees, and upon the banks of streams, and a hint for its successful cultivation can of course be gained from these facts, since sufficient

shade and moisture will be as necessary in the garden as in its native retreats. The *Pardalinum* is a small lily, and grows in quite large clusters. Its prevailing colors are red and yellow, the lower half of each petal being red spotted with brown, and the upper half red bordering on crimson. This combination of hues makes the flowers very bright and attractive. The foliage is composed of narrow slender leaves, and the bulbs are said to be very healthful.

LILIUM CANDIDUM.

The *Funkia*, or Day Lily, is quite a favorite in our gardens, as, indeed, it deserves to be, and exists in two varieties—the white and blue, each of which has the same peculiarity—one of the pretty flowers opening daily. It blossoms in the autumn, the white variety having a snowy trumpet-shaped blossom about five inches long, and the buds forming in clusters on the stem, which is usually about six inches long; the flowers of the blue species are not so large, but exceed the white in number. The latter grows to a greater height, and is a desirable addition to a garden, though not equal to the white.

Our list of lilies would lack an important addition did we omit to mention that favorite among house-plants, the royal Egyptian Calla, or Lily of the Nile, which unfolds its broad green leaves and superb waxen blossoms in the depth of a northern winter. It is a familiar object on the flower-stand, and to gaze into the stainless heart of a perfect Calla blossom is like getting a glimpse of fairy-land, so pure, so marvellously beautiful it is. The Calla loves moisture, and has been recommended for aquaria, to which it is extremely well-adapted. Fine as we sometimes think our carefully-kept specimens are, we can gain but little idea from them of the luxuriant growth and great dimensions to which the Egyptian lily attains in the more congenial air of the south, where it flourishes without need of extra warmth or protection. In those favored lands,

> "Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine,"

the cherished exotics which we coax into scanty blossoming, show a richness of foliage and a splendor of coloring, unattainable, except in rare instances, under our northern skies. But though we cannot boast the blooms of the tropics, we have a host of beautiful flowers that well repay such cultivation as the amateur florist can give. The exquisite lilies of which we have endeavored to give some description, take kindly to our climate, and are, in fact, very hardy, most of them requiring very little or no extra care. To see them in their full perfection one should pay a visit, in the lily season, to the great establishment of Mr. James Vick, at Rochester,

LILIUM WASHINGTONIANUM.

New York, where the glorious beauty of the immense lily-beds is beyond expression. There the lover of flowers may revel in sights and odors that will make him think himself for the time in paradise. After the first intoxication of delight at the splendor of the lilies, he will be attracted by many and many other beauties, and will be likely to wander on and on, continually finding something to excite pleasure and admiration. In those extensive grounds he will see the grand results of constant care and supervision, and will leave them penetrated with the truthful idea that there are few such spots on earth. That day will always be a pleasant one to remember, and the treasured "Floral Guide" will be studied more diligently than ever, that the secret may be discovered, if possible, which has led to such magnificent success. Then, and then only, perhaps, will the visitor begin to partially comprehend the care and attention that the florist bestows upon his flowers, and the patience that he has to exercise in regard to his experiments.

The following poem, from the pen of an Irish poetess—Mrs. Tighe—is the most excellent description of the seeming worthlessness of a lily-bulb to one ignorant of its nature, and of the beauty really lying dormant within it, to come forth at the call of sunshine and shower, that we have yet read:

"How withered, perished seems the form
Of yon obscure unsightly root!
Yet from the blight of wintry storm,
It hides secure the precious fruit.

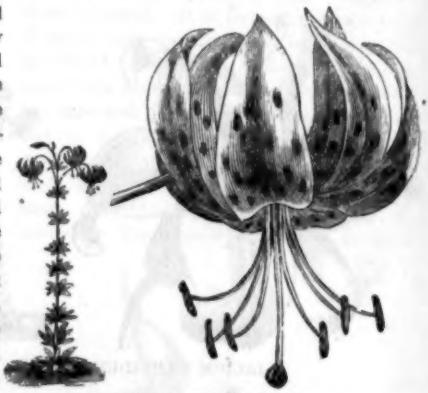
"The careless eye can find no grace,
No beauty in the scaly folds,
Nor see within the dark embrace
What latent loveliness it holds.

LILIUM PARDALINUM.

"Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,
The Lily wraps her silver vest,
Till vernal suns and vernal gales
Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

"Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap
The undelighting slighted thing;
There in the cold earth buried deep,
In silence let it wait the spring.

"O, many a stormy night shall close
In gloom upon the barren earth,



LILIUM HUMBOLDTII.

While still, in undisturbed repose,
Uninjured lies the future birth:

"And Ignorance, with skeptic eye,
Hope's patient smile shall wondering view:
Or mock her fond credulity,
As her soft tears the spot bedew.

"Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear!
The sun, the shower indeed shall come;
The promised verdant shoot appear,
And Nature bid her blossoms bloom.

"And thou, O virgin queen of spring!
Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,
Bursting thy green sheath's silken string,
Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed;

"Unfold thy robes of purest white,
Unsullied from their darksome grave,
And thy soft petals' silvery light
In the mild breeze unfettered wave.

"So Faith shall seek the lowly dust
Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,
And bid her thus her hopes intrust,
And watch with patient cheerful eye;

"And bear the long, cold, wintry night,
And bear her own degraded doom;
And wait till Heaven's reviving light,
Eternal spring! shall burst the gloom."

The culture of flowers is one of the pleasantest of employments, and the delight of watching the gradual growth and unfoldment of these beautiful children of nature can only be appreciated by those who have experienced it. In this northern latitude, where the earth is covered with

snow for a great portion of the year, and we are thus restricted to a few house-plants for our comforters during the winter, the advent of spring is like an inspiration. The great heart of nature throbs and bounds with renewed life and vigor, and our own pulses respond to the universal joy. Only a short time before we had been locked in the icy bonds of Winter, and in our weariness of his fetters were ready to exclaim with Whittier:

"O, soul of the springtime, its balm and its breath!
O, light of its darkness, and life of its death!
Why wait we thy coming? why linger so long
The warmth of thy breathing, the voice of thy song?
Renew the great miracle! let us behold
The stone from the mouth of the sepulchre rolled,
And Nature, like Lazarus, rise as of old!"

But however tardy the Spring may be in coming, at last her presence is acknowledged, and the tender green of grass and trees delights the eyes weary of the desolate winter landscapes. The bluebird's carol is heard, the robins and sparrows come around the door, the earliest flowers make their appearance, and it is time for all who take pride in the beauty of their gardens to be at work. Under energetic hands the preparatory work is soon done, and in due time the growth of all things is perceptible. And what a host of familiar faces come forth one by one, smile upon the summer world, live out their bright brief day, and then fade from sight, to be succeeded by others no less fair! From the dear little crocus that lifts its pretty head before the snow has really disappeared, to the proud dahlia that displays its rich colors until destroyed by frost, what a multitude of intermediate blossoms come and go, each lovely in its place, and calling for appreciation! In this vast number there are some families which have from early times won especial notice for their exceeding beauty or merit. Among these the rose, the lily and the violet are as famous as any, though there are others that nearly, if not quite, equal them in grace and loveliness. The rose is often called the Queen of Flowers, and poets have celebrated its charms in verse times without number.

"For the rose, ho, the rose! is the eye of the flowers,
Is the blush of the meadows that feel themselves fair,—
Is the lightning of beauty that strikes through the bowers
On pale lovers that sit in the glow unaware."

We have already spoken of the exquisite beauty of the lilies, sisters and companions of the roses, and by many deemed as royally endowed. Everybody loves the sweet violet, that modest little flower which has always been regarded as the symbol of fidelity, and there are not a few who could say:

"Let Nature spread her loveliest,
By spring or summer nursed;
Yet still I love the violet best,
Because I loved it first."

Franklin has said, "Flowers are the alphabet of angels, whereby they write on the hills and fields mysterious truths." It has been the pleasure of fanciful minds to invent a "language of flowers," attributing to each blossom a meaning appropriate to its nature and appearance; perhaps the following definitions may not be uninteresting to those of our readers who are fond of flowers:

"The fair lily is an image of holy innocence; the purple rose a figure of unfelt love; faith is represented to us in the blue passion flower; hope beams forth from the evergreen; peace from the olive branch; immortality from immortelle; the cares of life are represented by the rosemary; the victory of the spirit by the palm; modesty by the fragrant violet; compassion by the ivy; tenderness by the myrtle; affectionate reminiscence by the forget-me-not; natural honesty and fidelity by the oak leaf; unassumingness by the corn flower; and the auricula, 'how friendly they look upon us with their childlike eyes.' Even the dispositions of the human soul are expressed by flowers. Thus silent grief is portrayed by the weeping willow; sadness by the angelica; shuddering by the aspen; melancholy by the cypress; desire of meeting again by the starwort; the night rocket is a figure of life, as it stands on the frontiers between light and darkness. Thus Nature, by these flowers, seems to betoken her loving sympathy with us; and whom hath she not often more consoled than heartless and voiceless men are able to do?"

A language of their own they do indeed possess, these fair faced flowers, and

whether we put it in so many words or not, they comfort and brighten the world none the less, for—

"They tell of a season when men were not,
When earth was by angels trod,
And leaves and flowers in every spot
Burst forth at the call of God;
When spirits, singing their hymns at even,
Wandered by wood and glade,
And the Lord looked down from the highest heaven,
And blessed what he had made—
The bright, bright flowers.

"That blessing remaineth upon them still,
Though often the storm-cloud lowers,
And frequent tempests may soil and chill
The gayest of all earth's flowers.
When Sin and Death, with their sister, Grief,
Made a home in the hearts of men,
The blessing of God on each tender leaf
Preserved in their beauty then
The bright, bright flowers!

"The lily is lovely as when it slept
On the waters of Eden's lake;
The woodbine breathes sweetly as when it crept
In Eden from brake to brake.
They were left as the proof of the loveliness
Of Adam and Eve's first home;
They are here as a type of the joys that bless
The just in the world to come—
The bright, bright flowers!"

OUR TABBY.

BY MARY HELEN BOODEY.

OUR OLD TABBY.

O, she had a gentle air,
She was very sleek and fair,
And she stepped about with care,
Our Tabby!
Her sides were white and gray,
Striped in a witching way,
And potent was her sway—
Our Tabby.

Her eyes were yellow-green,
"Sweetest eyes were ever seen"
For a cat's, were they, I ween—
Our Tabby's:
For their look was soft and kind,
When content was in her mind,
And no mouse she wished to find—
Our Tabby.

As she purred upon your lap,
Thinking there to take a nap,
She for love your hand would lap,
Our Tabby!
While you softly stroked her fur,
She would give her softest purr,
Till you fell in love with her,
Our Tabby.

Cat of cats she surely was,
And she rarely showed her claws—
Never, without active cause,
Our Tabby;
But her dignity was great,
And unlucky was the fate
Of the one who gained her hate,
Our Tabby!

Mice were few where she had been,
Rats dared not to venture in,
For she thought it was no sin,
Our Tabby,
To despatch such foes as these;
On them she would quickly seize,
As if such pursuit did please
Our Tabby!

Underneath the velvet paws
Slept the long and cruel claws,
Nor did she in mercy pause,
Our Tabby—
Gone the gentle look and mild
From the eyes so fierce and wild,
"Little Panther" then we styled
Our Tabby.

Once, with look of conscious pride,
She dragged something to our side,
And with horror we espied,
By Tabby,
A green snake which she had found
Wriggling o'er the garden-ground,
And had captured at a bound—
Fierce Tabby!

But alas! that I should say
That she sought for other prey
In a very wicked way,
Our Tabby!
For a bird upon the wing
Was the signal for a spring,
And an evil look would bring
To Tabby.

Once when she was fast asleep
In the sunshine, dreaming deep
Of such fancies as will creep
Over Tabbies,
She heard a little sound—
Oped her eyes and looked around—
Caught a robin at a bound—
Bad Tabby!

Just then her mistress came
Softly calling out her name—
Tabby shook for very shame—
Sly Tabby!
Little robin mistress spies,
Staring with his wild bright eyes,
Held in such a cruel wise,
O Tabby!

Stamping sternly with her foot,
Cased in such a tiny boot—
Words she spoke which did not suit
Proud Tabby.
Robin flew away unharmed,
Only very much alarmed,
Mistress' wrath was somewhat calmed
Toward Tabby.

"For a cat will be a cat,
Reason says as much as that,"
Argued she beneath her hat,
For Tabby,
"And perhaps no more she'll be
Guilty of such cruelty
As this day I chanced to see—
O Tabby!

Tabby read her mistress' face,
Understood her own disgrace,
And failed not the cause to trace,
Wise Tabby!
Robins thenceforth need not fear,
Even if they ventured near,
They to her no more were dear,
Nice Tabby!

CRYSTAL BASKETS.—These ornaments are not difficult to make. The basket, or any other ornament, is first fashioned with copper wire, as a skeleton of the pattern desired. For blue crystals, take a saturated solution of sulphate of copper in hot water, place the pattern in this liquor, and set it in a quiet place; as the solution cools, crystals of the sulphate will be deposited on the wire; the first crystals will be small, but, to increase their size, it is only necessary to place the ornaments in a fresh and perfectly saturated solution of the copper salt. For yellow crystals, use the yellow prussiate of potash; for ruby use the red prussiate of potash; for white, use alum. The salts of chromium, and many others, are equally applicable for this purpose, if greater variety of color be wanted. To preserve these ornaments in all their beauty, they should be kept under glass shades. All the salts named are more soluble in hot than in cold water; hence, as the hot solutions become cold, a part of the material is deposited; in so doing each metallic salt assumes a particular shape of crystal, as if endowed with vitality. These crystals vary in form according to the salt, but are invariably the same for the same salt, and as characteristic of their origin.

THE FATAL GLOVE:

—OR,—

THE HISTORY OF A STREET-SWEEPER.

IN FOUR PARTS.

BY CLARA AUGUSTA.

PART I.—[CONTINUED.]

Mr. Linmere played and sang with exquisite taste and skill—he was a complete master of the art, and, in spite of herself, Margie listened to him with a delight which was almost fascination, but which subsided the moment the melody ceased.

He judged her by the majority of women he had met, and finding her indifferent, he sought to rouse her jealousy by flirting with Miss Lee, who was by no means averse to his attentions. But Margie hailed the transfer with a relief which was so evident that Mr. Linmere, piqued and irritated, took up his hat to leave, in the midst of one of Miss Lee's most brilliant descriptions of what she had seen in Italy, from whence she had but just returned. He went over to the sofa where Margie was sitting.

"I hope to please you better next time," he said, lifting her hand. "Good-night, Margie, dear." And before she was aware, he touched his lips to her forehead. She tore her hand away from him, and a flush of anger sprang to her cheek. He surveyed her with admiration. He liked a little spirit in a woman, especially as he intended to be able to subdue it when it pleased him. Her anger made her a thousand times more beautiful. He stood looking at her a moment, then turned and withdrew.

Margie struck her forehead with her hand, as if she would wipe out the touch he had left there.

"It burns like fire," she muttered. "O heaven! am I to become the wife of that man? Will God permit it? Is it my duty?"

Alexandrine came and put her arm around her waist.

"I almost envy you, Margie," she said, in that singularly purring voice of hers. "Ah, Linmere is magnificent! Such eyes, and hair, and such a voice! Well, Margie, you are a fortunate girl."

And Miss Lee sighed, and shook out the heavy folds of her violet silk, with the air of one who has been injured, but is determined to show a proper spirit of resignation.

Mr. Paul Linmere hurried along through an unfrequented street to his suite of rooms at the St. Nicholas. He was very angry with everybody; he felt like an ill-treated individual. He had expected Margie to fall at his feet at once. A man of his attractions to be snubbed as he had been! by a mere chit of a girl, too! He, with whom a duchess had once been in love!

"I will find means to tame her, when once she is mine," he muttered. "By heaven! but it will be rare sport to break that fiery spirit! It will make me young again!"

Something white and shadowy bound his path. A spectral hand was laid on his arm, chilling like ice, even through his clothing. The ghastly face of a woman—a face framed in jet black hair, and lit up by great black eyes bright as stars, gleamed through the mirk of the night.

The man gazed into the weird face, and shook like a leaf in the blast. His arm sank nerveless to his side, palsied by that frozen touch, his voice was so unnatural that he started at the sound.

"My God! Arabel Vere! Do the dead come back?"

The great unnaturally brilliant eyes seemed to burn into his brain. The cold hand tightened on his arm. A breath like wind freighted with snow crossed his face.

"Speak, for heaven's sake!" he cried. "Am I dreaming?"

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"Remember the banks of the Seine!" said a singularly sweet voice, which sounded to Mr. Paul Linmere as if it came from leagues and leagues away. "When you sit by the side of the living love, remember the dead! Think of the dark rolling river, and of what its waters covered!"

He started from the strange presence, and caught at a post for support. His self-possession was gone; he trembled like the most abject coward. Only for a moment—and then, when he looked again, the apparition had vanished. All was silent save the distant clock of St. Stephens, striking twelve. Not so much as the sound of a footfall, to tell him that his visitor had been mortal.

"Good God!" he cried, putting his hand to his forehead. "Do the dead indeed come back! I saw them take her from the river—O heaven! I saw her when she sank beneath the terrible waters! Is there a hereafter, and does a man sell his soul to damnation who commits what the world calls murder?"

He stopped under a lamp and drew out his pocket-book, taking therefrom a soiled scrap of paper.

"Yes, I have it here. 'Found drowned, the body of a woman. Her linen was marked with the name of Arabel Vere. Another unfortunate—' No, I will not read the rest. I have read it too often, now, for my peace of mind. Yes, she is dead. There is no doubt. I have been dreaming to-night. Old Trevlyn's wine was too strong for me. Arabel Vere, indeed! Pshaw! Paul Linmere, are you an idiot?"

Not daring to cast a look behind him, he hurried home, and up to his spacious parlor on the second floor. Everything that money could purchase was there. From the wreck of his fortune Linmere had saved all that was valuable in the way of costly trinkets and rare curiosities. He had a *penchant* for such things.

The velvet carpet was so thick that it gave back no echo from the heaviest footfall, and its roses and lilies looked like those which grow in living gardens. You felt almost tempted to stop and inhale their fragrance. The chairs and sofas were curiously wrought by the fair fingers of the Persian woman, and were soft as Turkish divans. A deep voluptuous rose color pervaded the gold embossed wall-paper, and lingered in the silver hangings, giving to the atmosphere the mellowness of summer, and making the marble Psyche blush at her own loveliness. Bronzes, rare and exquisite, loaded the fanciful brackets, a goldfinch was asleep in a gilded cage, with his head beneath his wing, and on the hearthrug a slender greyhound was dozing the time away, with half-shut eyes.

Linmere turned up the gas into a flare, and, throwing off his coat, flung himself into an armchair, and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. He looked about the room with half-frightened searching eyes. He dreaded solitude, and he feared company, yet felt the necessity of speaking to something. His eyes lighted on the dog.

"Leo, Leo," he called, "come here, sir!"

The dog opened his eyes, but gave no responsive wag of his tail. You saw at once that though Leo was Mr. Paul Linmere's property, and lived with him, he did not have any attachment for him.

"Come here, sir!" said Linmere, authoritatively.

Still the animal did not stir. Linmere was nervous enough to be excited to anger by the veriest trifle, and the dog's disobedience aroused his rage.

"Curse the brute!" he cried. And putting his foot against him, he sent him spinning across the room. Leo did not growl, or cry out, but his eyes gleamed like coals, and he showed his white teeth with savage but impotent hatred. It was easy to see that if he had been a bulldog instead of a greyhound, he would have torn Mr. Paul Linmere limb from limb.

Linmere went back to his chair, and sat down with a sullen face; but he could not rest there. He tried the sofa, and then an ottoman by the open window. He rose, and going into an inner room, brought out an ebony box, which he opened, and from which he took a miniature in a golden case. He hesitated a moment before touching the spring, and when he did so the inclosing revealed the face of a young girl. Linmere's countenance changed singularly at sight of that face. He dropped the locket, and covered his eyes with his hands. Leo crept up to his feet, and caressed the locket, uttering a pitiful whine which arrested the attention of his master. Linmere snatched up the locket, and looked on the pictured face.

A fair young girl in her early youth—not more than eighteen summers could have scattered their roses over her, when that beautiful impression was taken. A ripe southern face, with masses of jet-black hair, and dark brilliant eyes. There was a dewy crimson on her lips, and her cheeks were red as damask roses. A bright happy face, upon which no blight had fallen.

"She was beautiful—beautiful as a houri!" said Mr. Paul Linmere, speaking slowly, half unconsciously, it seemed, his thoughts-aloud. "And when I first knew her, she was sweet and innocent. I made her sin. I led her into the temptation she was too weak to resist. Women are soft and silly when they are in love, and because of that, men have to bear all the blame. She was willing to trust me—she ought to have been more cautious. Who blames me, if I tired of her? A man does not always want a moping complaining woman hanging about him! and she had a deuced unpleasant way of forcing herself upon me when it was particularly disagreeable to have her do so. Well—but there is no use in retrospection. I had strong objections to being called father when there were such brilliant prospects for me in another quarter. She was drowned—she and her unborn child, and the dead never come back—no, never!"

He shuddered as he spoke, and looked half-fearfully, half-expectantly around him. He felt as if he were not alone in the room. Some unseen presence oppressed him with vague dread. He seemed to feel that cold hand on his arm, and again that icy breath swept across his face. He sprang up and rang the bell sharply. Directly his valet, Pietro, a sleepy-looking and swarthy Italian, appeared.

"Bring me a glass of brandy, Pietro; and look you, sir, you may sleep to-night on the lounge in my room. I am not feeling quite well, and may have need of you before morning."

The man looked surprised, but made no comment. He brought the stimulant, his master drank it off, and then threw himself, dressed as he was, on the bed.

Upper Tendom was ringing with the approaching nuptials of Miss Harrison and Mr. Linmere. The bride was so beautiful, so wealthy, and so insensible to her good fortune in securing the most eligible man in her set. Half the ladies in the city were in love with Mr. Linmere. He was so *distingue*, carried himself so loftily, and yet was so gallantly condescending, and so inimitably fascinating. He knew Europe like a book, sang like a professor, and knew just how to hand a lady her fan, adjust her shawl, and take her from a carriage. Accomplishments which make men popular, always.

Early in July Mr. Trevlyn and Margie, accompanied by a gay party, went down to Cape May. Mr. Trevlyn had long ago forsworn everything of the kind; but since Margie Harrison had come to reside with him he had given up his hermit habits, and been quite like other nice gouty old gentlemen. He was fretful and overbearing at times, and liked his own way on all occasions; but he did a great deal to make Margie happy in her new home, and bore patiently with the troops of gay young people she gathered around her. He might not so far have come out of his retirement as to have visited a fashionable watering-place, had not his physician prescribed sea-bathing; and Mr. Trevlyn had too great a dread of death to disregard the first symptoms of disease.

The party went down on Thursday—Mr. Paul Linmere followed on Saturday. Margie had hoped he would not come; in his absence she could have enjoyed the sojourn, but his presence destroyed for her all the charms of sea and sky. She grew frightened, sometimes, when she thought how intensely she hated him. And in October she was to become his wife. So it was arranged. Mr. Linmere knew that there was truth in the old proverb, and did not mean the cup should slip before it reached his lips. His creditors were importunate, and it would not do to wait too long.

Some way, Margie felt strangely at ease on the subject. She knew that the arrangements were all made, that her wedding *trousseau* was being got up by a fashionable *modiste*, that Delmonico had received orders for the feast, and that the oranges were budded which, when burst into flowers were to adorn her forehead on her bridal day. She despised Linmere with her whole soul, she dreaded him inexpressibly, yet she scarcely gave her approaching marriage with him a single thought. She wondered that she did not; when she thought of it

at all, she was shocked to find herself so impassive. She could not have a heart like other women, she thought, or she should have it manifesting itself.

Her party had been a week at Cape May, when Archer Trevlyn came down, with the wife of his employer, Mr. Belgrade. The lady was in delicate health, and had been advised to try sea air and surf-bathing. Mr. Belgrade's business would not allow of his absence at just that time, and he had shown his confidence in his head clerk by selecting him as his wife's escort.

Introduced into society by so well-established an aristocrat as Mrs. Belgrade, Arch might, at once, have taken a prominent place among the fashionables; for his singularly handsome face and highbred manners made him an acquisition to any company. But he never forgot that he had been a street-sweeper, and he would not submit to be patronized by the very people who had once, perhaps, grudged him the pennies they had thrown to him as they would have thrown bread to a starving dog. So he avoided society, and attended only on Mrs. Belgrade. But from Alexandrine Lee he could not escape. She fastened upon him at once. She had a habit of singling out gentlemen, and giving them the distinction of her attentions, and no one thought of noticing it, now. The nine days' wonder at her eccentricities had long been a thing of the past. Arch was ill at ease beneath the infliction, but he was a thorough gentleman, and could not repulse her rudely.

A few days after the arrival of Mrs. Belgrade, Arch took her down to the beach to bathe. All the world was out. The beach was alive with the gorgeous grotesque figures of the bathers. The air was bracing, the surf splendid.

Mr. Trevlyn's carriage drove down soon after Mrs. Belgrade had finished her morning's "dip;" and Margie and Mr. Linmere, accompanied by Alexandrine Lee, alighted. They were in bathing costume, and Miss Lee, espying Arch, fastened upon him without ceremony.

"O Mr. Trevlyn," she said, animatedly, "I am so glad to have come across you! I was just telling Mr. Linmere that two ladies were hardly safe with only one gentleman, in such a surf as there is this morning. I shall have to depend on you to take care of me. Shall I?"

Of course, Arch could not refuse; and apologizing to Mrs. Belgrade, who good-naturedly urged him forward, he took charge of Miss Lee.

Linmere offered Margie his hand to lead her in, but she declined. He kept close beside her, and when they stood waist deep in the water, and a huge breaker was approaching, he put his arm around her shoulders. With an impatient gesture she tore herself away. He made an effort to retain her, and in the struggle Margie lost her footing, and the receeding wave bore her out to sea!

Linmere grew pale as death. He was so susceptible, dear man! the ladies said, looking on in pity and horror. Yes, he was susceptible. He knew if Margie was drowned, he was a ruined man! His pictures and statues would have to go under the hammer—his creditors were only kept from striking by his prospect of getting a rich wife to pay his debts. He cast an imploring eye on the swimmers around him, but he was too great a coward to risk his life among the swirling breakers.

Only one man struck boldly out to the rescue. Arch Trevlyn threw off the clinging hand of Miss Lee, and with a strong arm pressed his way through the white-capped billows. He came near to Margie, he saw the chestnut gleam of her hair on the bright treacherous water, and in an instant it was swept under a long line of snowy foam. She rose again at a little distance, and her eyes met his pleadingly. Her lips syllabled the words, "Save me!"

He heard them, above all the deafening roar of the waters. They nerved him on to fresh exertions. Another stroke, and he caught her arm, drew her to him, held her closely to his breast, touched her wet hair with his lips. Then he controlled himself, and spoke coolly:

"Take my left hand, Miss Harrison, and I think I can tow you safely to the shore. Do not be afraid."

"I am not afraid," she said, quietly.

How his heart leaped at the sound of her voice! How happy he was that she was not afraid—that she trusted her life to him! Of how little value he would have reckoned his own existence, if he had purchased hers by its loss! Ah, well—love is love, the world over.

A hundred pairs of hands were outstretched to receive Margie, when Arch

brought her to the shore. Her dear devoted friends crowded around her, and in their joy at her escape, Arch retreated for his lodgings. But Miss Lee had been watching him, and seized his arm the moment he was clear of the crowd.

"O Mr. Trevlyn, it is just like a novel!" she exclaimed, enthusiastically. "Only you cannot marry the heroine, for she is engaged to Mr. Linmere; and she perfectly dotes on him."

Trevlyn's countenance did not change. Miss Lee was watching him closely, but she could not detect the slightest variation of color. Her usual astuteness was at fault.

"Allow me to escort you to the house," he said, politely. "I see Mr. Weldon looking daggers at me."

"Mr. Weldon has no right to look daggers at any one on my account, Mr. Trevlyn. As if I cared for that little dandy!"

"All the ladies think him sweet," said Trevlyn, descending to small talk because he wished to avoid all serious subjects with Miss Lee. She jarred so disagreeably upon all the finer feelings of his nature.

"All but myself, Mr. Trevlyn; I beg you to make me an exception. But I will not keep you in your wet clothes. Good-morning."

She flitted away, and Trevlyn went up to his chamber.

That evening there was a "hop" at the hotel, but Arch did not go down. He knew if he did, the inevitable Miss Lee would anchor herself on his arm for the evening; and his politeness was not equal to the task of entertaining her. She was beautiful, and brilliant when she cared to be, and Arch felt that, if he liked, he might marry her and her fortune, and step at once into the very highest circles of society; but he did not aspire to the honor.

The strains of music reached him, softened and made sweet by the distance. He stole down on the piazza, and sat under the shadow of a flowering vine, looking at the sky, with its myriads of glittering stars. There was a light step at his side, and glancing up, he saw Margie Harrison.

She was in evening dress, her white arms and shoulders bare, and glistening with snowy pearls. Her soft unbound hair fell over her neck in a flood of light, and a subtle perfume, like the breath of blooming water-lilies, floated around her.

"I want to make you my captive for a little while, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, gayly. "Will you wear the chains?"

"Like a garland of roses," he responded. "Yes, to the world's end, Miss Harrison!"

The unconscious fervor of his voice brought a crimson flush to her face. She dropped her eyes, and toyed with the bracelet on her arm.

"I did not know *you* dealt in compliments, Mr. Trevlyn," she said, a little reproachfully. "I thought you were always sincere."

"And so I am, Miss Harrison."

"I take you at your word, then," recovering her playful air. "You will not blame me, if I lead you into difficulty?"

"Certainly not. I give myself into your keeping."

She put her hand within his arm, and led him up the stairs, to a private parlor on the second floor. Under the jet of light sat old Mr. Trevlyn. Archer's heart throbbed fiercely, and his lips grew set and motionless, as he stood there before the man he hated—the man against whom he had made a vow of undying vengeance. Margie was looking at her guardian, and did not observe the startling change which had come over Arch. She spoke softly, addressing the old man.

"Dear guardian, this is the man who this morning so gallantly rescued me from a watery grave. I want you to help me thank him."

Mr. Trevlyn arose, came forward, and extended his hand. Arch stood erect, his arms folded on his breast. He did not move, nor offer to take the proffered hand. Mr. Trevlyn gave a start of surprise, and seizing a lamp from the table, held it up to the face of the young man. Arch did not flinch; he bore the insulting scrutiny with stony calmness.

The old man dashed down the lamp, and put his hand to his forehead. His face was livid with passion, his voice choked so as to be scarcely audible.

"Margie, Margie Harrison," he exclaimed, "what is this person's name?"

"Archer Trevlyn, sir," answered the girl, amazed at the strange behaviour of the two men.

"Just as I thought! Hubert's son!"

"Yes," said Arch, speaking with painful calmness, "I am Hubert's son; the son of the man your wicked cruelty murdered."

Mr. Trevlyn seized his cane and rushed upon his grandson; but Margie sprang forward and threw her arm across the breast of Arch. Her eyes blazed, her cheeks burnt with indignant crimson.

"Strike him, if you dare!" she said, "but you shall strike a woman!"

Mr. Trevlyn looked at her, and the weapon dropped to the floor.

"Margaret Harrison," he said, sternly, "leave this room. This is no place for you. Obey me!"

"I am subject to no man's authority," she said, boldly, "and I will not leave the room. You shall not insult a gentleman to whom I owe my life, and who is here as my invited guest."

"I shall defend myself! There is murder in that fellow's eye, if ever I saw it in that of any human being!"

"I am answerable for his conduct," she said, with proud dignity. "He will do nothing of which a lady need stand in fear. I brought him here, ignorant of the relationship existing between you and him, and unconscious of the truth that I should be called upon to defend him from the causeless rage of his own grandfather!"

Again the cane was uplifted; but Margie laid her hand resolutely upon it.

"Give it to me. Will you—you, who pride yourself upon your high and delicate sense of honor—will you be such an abject coward as to strike a defenceless man?"

He yielded her the weapon, and she threw it from the window.

"You may take away my defence, Margaret," said the old man, resolutely, "but you shall not prevent me from cursing him! A curse be upon him—"

"Hold, sir! Remember that your head is white with the snows of time! It will not be long before you will go to the God who sees you every moment, who will judge you for every sin you commit."

"You may preach that stuff to the dogs! There is no God! I defy him and you! Archer Trevlyn, my curse be upon you and yours, now and forever! Child of a disobedient son! child of a mother who was a harlot!"

Arch sprang upon him with a savage cry. His hand was on his throat—God knows what crime he would have done, fired by the insult offered to the memory of his mother, had not Margie caught his hands, and drawn them away.

"O Archer, Archer Trevlyn!" she cried, imploringly, "grant me this one favor—the very first I ever asked of you! For my sake, come away! He is an old man. Leave him to God, and his own conscience. You are young and strong; you would not disgrace your manhood by laying violent hands on the weakness of old age!"

"Did you not hear what he called my mother? the purest woman the world ever saw! No man shall repeat that foul slander in my presence, and live!"

"He will not repeat it. Forgive him. He is fretful, and he thinks the world has gone hard with him. He has sinned, and those who sin, suffer always. It has been a long and terrible feud between him and yours. I brought you here—let me take you away."

Her soft hands were on his—her beautiful tear-wet eyes lifted to his face. He could not withstand that look. He would have given up the plans of a lifetime, if she had asked him, with those imploring eyes.

"I yield to you, Miss Harrison—only to you," he replied. "If John Trevlyn lives, he owes his life to you. He judged rightly—there was murder in my soul, and he saw it in my eyes. Years ago, after they laid my poor heart-broken mother out of my sight, I swore a terrible vow of vengeance on the old man whose cruelty had hurried her into the grave. But for you, I should have kept the vow this moment! But I will obey you. Take me wherever you will."

She led him down the stairs, across the lawn, and out on the lonely beach, where the quiet moon and the passionless stars dropped down their crystal rain. The sweet south wind blew up cool from sea, and afar off the tinkle of a sheep-bell stirred the silence of the night. The lamp in the distant lighthouse gleamed like a spark of fire, and at their feet broke the tireless billows, white as the snowdrifts of December.

There was something inexpressibly soothing in the serenity of the night. Arch felt its influence. The hot color died out of his cheek, his pulse beat slower, he lifted his eyes to the purple arch of the summer sky.

"All God's universe is at rest," said Margie, her voice breaking upon his ear like a strain of music. "O Archer Trevlyn, be at peace with all mankind!"

"I am—with all but *him*."

"And with *him*, also. The heart which bears malice cannot be a happy heart. There has been a great wrong done—I have heard the sad story—but it is divine to forgive. The man who can pardon the enemy who has wrought him evil, rises to a height where nothing of these earthly temptations can harm him more. He stands on a level with the angels of God. If you have been injured, let it pass. If your parents were hurried out of the world by his cruelty, think how much sooner they tasted the bliss of heaven! Every wrong will in due time be avenged. Justice will be done, for the Infinite One has promised it. Leave it in his hands. Archer, before I leave you, promise me to forgive Mr. Trevlyn."

"I cannot! I cannot!" he cried, hoarsely. "O Margie, Miss Harrison, ask of me anything but that, even to the sacrifice of my life, and I will willingly oblige you; but not that! not that!"

"*That* is all I ask. It is for your good and my peace of mind that I demand it. You have no right to make me unhappy, as your persistence in this dreadful course will do. Promise me, Archer Trevlyn!"

She put her hand on his shoulder; he turned his head and pressed his lips upon it. She did not draw it away, but stood, melting his hard heart with her wonderfully sweet gaze. He yielded all at once—she knew she had conquered. He sank down on one knee before her, and bowed his face upon his hands. She stooped over him, her hair swept his shoulders, the brown mingling with the deeper chestnut of his curling locks.

"You will promise me, Mr. Trevlyn?"

He looked up suddenly.

"What will you give me, if I promise?"

"Ask for it."

He lifted a curl of shining hair.

"Yes," she said. "Promise me what I ask, and I give it to you."

He took his pocket-knife and severed the tress.

"I promise you. I break my vow; I seek no revenge. I forgive John Trevlyn, and may God forgive him, also. He is safe from me. I submit to have my parents sleep on unavenged. I leave him and his sins to the God whom he denies; and all because you have asked it of me."

He rose up, and stood silently by her side. The moon had been clouded for a moment—it burst forth with almost dazzling radiance. Arch Trevlyn touched the white hand on his arm with reverent tenderness. The hour was late. He could have lingered there with her forever, but her long absence would excite remark.

Slowly and silently they went up to the house. At the door he said no good-night—he only held her hand a moment, closely, and then turned away. He could not trust himself to speak, lest his voice might reveal something his duty would not allow him to think of. She was the promised wife of Mr. Paul Linmere. A cold shudder ran over him at the thought. The beautiful night took on a face of darkness and gloom.

He walked rapidly back to the beach, and threw himself down on the sands where she had stood. He looked up at the mysterious sky, and out at the mysterious ocean. A peace came and settled over him. His tortured heart lapsed into an infinite state of content. He seemed to desire nothing beyond what he had. The present contented and satisfied him. He had forgiven an enemy. Had he indeed risen and entered upon the enjoyment vouchsafed to the angels?

PART II.

PAUL LINMERE'S wedding-day drew near. Between him and Margie there was no semblance of affection. Her coldness never varied, and after a few fruitless attempts to excite in her some manifestation of interest, he took his cue from her, and was as coldly indifferent as herself.

A few days before the tenth of October, which was the day appointed for the bridal, Dick Turner, one of Paul's friends, gave a supper at the Bachelors' Club. A supper in honor of Paul, or to testify the sorrow of the Club at the loss of one of its members. It was a very hilarious occasion, and the toasting and wine-drinking extended far into the small hours.

In a somewhat elevated frame of mind, Mr. Paul Linmere left the rooms of the Club at about three o'clock in the morning, to return home. His way lay along the most deserted part of the city—a place where there were few dwellings, and the buildings were mostly stores and warehouses. He was hurrying along, thinking of the last song Dick had sung, and trying, in his maudlin way, to hum a bar of it before the air escaped his memory.

Suddenly a touch on his arm stopped him. The same cold deathly touch he had felt once before. He had drank just enough to feel remarkably brave, and turning, he encountered the strangely-gleaming eyes that had frozen his blood that night in early summer. All his bravado left him. He felt weak and helpless as a child. His breath was suspended—his eyes refused to turn away from the livid face that confronted him.

Not ten rods off he heard, like one in a dream, the steady tramp of a watchman, but he had no power to call to him, though he would have given all the world for the society of something human.

"What is it? what do you want?" he asked, brokenly.

"Justice!" said the mysterious presence; and, as before, the voice seemed to travel through infinite space before it reached him.

"Justice? For whom?"

"Arabel Vere."

"Arabel Vere! Curse her!" he cried, savagely.

The figure lifted a spectral white hand.

"Paul Linmere—beware! The vengeance of the dead reaches sometimes unto the living! There is not water enough in the Seine to drown a woman's hatred! Death itself cannot annihilate it! Beware!"

He struck savagely at the uplifted hand, but his arm met no resistance. He beat only against the impalpable air. His spectral visitor had flown, and left nothing behind to tell of her presence.

With unsteady steps Mr. Paul Linmere hurried home, entered his rooms, and double-locked the doors behind him. Pietro was sleeping in his bed-chamber—he slept there every night now—and his master did not disturb him.

Leo lay on the hearthrug, but gave no other sign of recognition than to half unclose his eyes at the opening of the door. Paul went to the grate to warm his benumbed fingers, and stumbled over the dog as he did so.

"Curse the brute!" he exclaimed, angrily. "I hate it, and yet I dare not kill it! It was *hers*—ay, it was Arabel Vere's. Who says I am afraid to speak her name aloud? Whoever says so lies! I think if the dog were dead I might forget her and hers! I wish he would die! I wish I had the courage to dash his brains out with this!" He took down a heavy bronze vase, and eyed the dog with fierce hatred. But something in the steady unfaltering gaze of the sagacious brute seemed to deter him. He put up the bronze, and began pacing the floor.

"A little more than a week to my wedding-day! How happy I ought to be! Half New York is envious of me! A beautiful wife and a splendid fortune! But I should hate Margaret Harrison if I dared to. Paul Linmere, are you afraid of her? I should hope not. Certainly not. But she freezes a fellow so! And I know she loathes me! Only think of her telling me last night, when I offered her a late rose, that she did not care for the flowers over which the serpent had trailed! Well, in a few days I shall have her fast, and then trust me to tame her! And if I cannot—if I cannot—she *may* die. People do sometimes. Ha, ha! Arabel Vere did!"

He went to a marble shelf on which stood a costly cut-glass decanter and a slender Bohemian wineglass. He tossed off glass after glass of brandy, until the decanter was empty. Then he flung it down on the marble slab, and it was broken into fragments. * * *

Mr. Trevlyn had decided that the marriage of his ward should take place at Harrison Park, the old country-seat of the Harrisons, on the Hudson. Here Margie's parents had lived always in the summer; here they had died within a week of each other, and here in the cypress grove by the river they were buried. There would be no more fitting place for the marriage of their daughter to be solemnized. Margie neither opposed nor approved the plan. She did not oppose anything. She was passive, almost apathetic.

The admiring dressmakers and milliners came and went, fitting, and measuring, and trying on their tasteful creations, but without eliciting any signs of interest or pleasure from Margie Harrison. She gave no orders, found no fault; expressed no admiration, nor its opposite. It was all the same to her.

The bridal dress came home a few days before the appointed day. It was a superb affair, and Margie looked like a queen in it. It was of white satin, with a point-lace overskirt, looped up at intervals with tiny bouquets of orange-blossoms. The corsage was cut low, leaving the beautiful shoul-

ders bare, and the open sleeve displaying the perfectly-rounded arms in all their perfection. The veil was point-lace, and must have cost a little fortune. Mr. Trevlyn had determined that everything should be on a magnificent scale, and had given the whole arrangement of the affair to Mrs. Colonel Weldon, the mother of Henry Weldon, and the most fashionable woman in her set.

Mrs. Weldon liked nothing better than the purchase of finery. She enjoyed herself perfectly; she would not have been happier, she said to her son, if the things had been her own.

Mr. Trevlyn had the diamonds, which were the wonder of the city, richly set, and Margie was to wear them on her bridal night, as a special mark of the old man's favor. For next to the diamonds, the sordid man loved Margie Harrison.

Linmere's gift to his bride was very simple, but in exquisite taste, Mrs. Weldon decided. A set of torquoise, with his initials and hers interwoven. Only when they were received did Margie come out of her cold composure. She snapped together the lid of the casket containing them with something very like angry impatience, and gave the box to her maid.

"Take them away, Florine, instantly, and put them where I shall never see them again!"

The woman looked surprised, but she was a discreet piece, and strongly attached to her mistress, and she put the ornaments away without comment.

The tenth of October arrived. A wet lowering day, with alternate snatches of rain and sunshine, settling down towards sunset into a steady uncomfortable drizzle. A dismal enough wedding-day.

The old servants shook their heads, and said the weather foreboded trouble for their young mistress. They had never thought the match would be a happy one; they were sure of it now.

"Ay, ye may depend upon it," said Mrs. Sullivan, who occupied a sort of halfway position between housemaid and companion in general, "a wedding on a day like this can never be a lucky one. I've known many and many a one, and never in a single instance were they prospered. There'll be trouble and difficulty enough before it's over."

"Don't croak, Mistress Sullivan," said Pat Dooley, the coachman. "Signs fail sometimes, I'm thinking. And shure there's no harm to come to Miss Margaret, bless her swate face! or fate will be making a mistake of it! There may be throuble, but not for her—not for her!"

"I hope ye're right, Pat," said Mrs. Sullivan, smoothing out her spotless apron to straighten out an imaginary wrinkle, "but I fear me ye may not be. There was John Russell, as bonny a fellow as ever trod, and he married sweet Mary Gray on just such a weeping day as this, and before that day year they were both under the sods. And Nellie Haley, too. Who ever had a brighter prospect than she? and she in a madhouse this day, and her husband a miserable drunkard. And how it rained the day that made her bride! Sure it was I went to the wedding—it was at St. John's of a Sunday, and the church was crowded, and my new merino dress was ruined with the rain and mud, coming home. Ay, I tell ye all, I always tremble when it rains on a wedding-day!"

The ceremony was to take place at nine o'clock in the evening, and the invited guests were numerous. Harrison Park would accommodate them all royally.

Mr. Linmere was expected out from the city in the six o'clock train, and as the stopping-place was not more than five minutes' walk from the Park, he had left orders that no carriage need be sent. He would walk up. He thought he should need the stimulus of the fresh air to carry him through the fiery ordeal, he said, laughingly.

The long day wore slowly away. The preparations were complete. Mrs. Weldon, in her violet moire antique and family diamonds, went through the stately parlors once more, to assure herself that everything was *au fait*. Her son surveyed himself in the tall pier-glasses, adjusted his buff necktie, and wondered if Miss Alexandrine Lee would not think him perfectly killing in his white gloves, and the bridal favor in his buttonhole. He was in the seventh heaven, for Alexandrine had consented to stand up with him on the occasion, and this he regarded as a favorable sign.

At five o'clock the task of dressing the bride began. The bridemaids were in ecstasies over the finery, and they took almost as much pains in dressing Margie

as they would in dressing themselves for a like occasion. For next to being a bride herself, a woman enjoys assisting at making some other woman one — provided always she has never had any tender regard for the bridegroom.

Margie's cheeks were as white as the robes they put upon her. One of the girls suggested rouge, but Alexandrine demurred.

"A bride should always be pale," she said; "it looks so interesting, and gives every one the idea that she realizes the responsibility she is taking upon herself—doesn't that veil fall sweetly?"

And then followed a shower of feminine expressions of admiration from the four charming bridemaids.

"Is everything ready?" asked Margie, wearily, when at last they paused in their efforts.

"Yes, everything is as perfect as one could desire," said Alexandrine. "How do you feel, Margie dear?"

"Very well, thank you."

"You are so self-possessed! Now, I should be all of a tremble. Dear me! I wonder people *can* be so cool on the eve of such a great change. But then, we are so different! Will you not take a glass of wine, Margie?"

"Thank you, no. I do not take wine, you know."

"I know, but on this occasion. Hush! that was the whistle of the train. Mr. Linmere will be here in a few minutes. Shall I bring him up to see you? It is not etiquette for the groom to see the bride on the day of their marriage until they meet at the altar, but you look so charming, dear! I would like him to admire you. He has such exquisite taste!"

Margie's uplifted eyes had a half-frightened look which Alexandrine did not understand.

"No, no!" she said, hurriedly; "do not bring him here! We will follow etiquette for this time, if you please, Miss Lee."

"O well, just as you please, my dear."

"And now, my friends, be kind enough to leave me alone," said Margie. "I want the last hours of my free life to myself. I will ring when I desire your attendance."

Margie's manner forbade any objection on the part of the attendants, and they somewhat reluctantly withdrew. She turned the key upon them, and went to the window. The rain had ceased falling, but the air was damp and dense.

Her room was on the first floor, and the windows, furnished with balconies, opened to the floor. She stood looking out into the night for a moment, then gathering up her flowing drapery, and covering herself with a heavy cloak, stepped from the window. The damp earth struck a chill to her delicately-shod feet, but she did not notice it. The mist and fog dampened her hair unheeded. She went swiftly down the shaded path, the dead leaves of the linden trees rustling mournfully as she swept through them. Past the garden and its deserted summer-houses, and the grapery, where the purple fruit was lavishing its sweets on the air, and climbing a stile, she stood beside a group of shading cypress trees. Just before her was a square enclosure, fenced by a hedge of arbor vitae, from the midst of which, towering white and spectral up into the silent night, rose a marble shaft, surmounted by the figure of an angel, with drooping head and folded wings. Margie passed within the enclosure, and stood beside the graves of her parents. She stood a moment, silent, motionless; then, forgetful of her bridal garments, she flung herself down on the turf.

"O my father! my father!" she cried, "why did you doom me to such a fate? Why did you ask me to give that fatal promise? O look down from heaven and pity your child!"

The winds sighed mournfully in the cypresses, the belated crickets and katydids droned in the hedge, but no sweet voice of sympathy soothed Margie's strained ear. For, wrought up as she was, she almost listened to hear some response from the lips which death had made mute forever.

What sympathy have the angels in heaven with the woes of the children of men? Do they ever pity us there? ever drop a tear—if tears are not unknown in heaven—over the sorrows of those they loved on earth, whom they have left behind them to drag out the existences of grief and weariness that we must all pass through?

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

IN LOVE WITH A PHOTOGRAPH.

BY KATE SEAFOAM.

I DID not wonder, as I looked at that fair sweet face, that Fred was, as he had said, in love with a photograph. It was such a lovely face—such soft flexible lines and curves defined the graceful contour, such intellectual susceptibility beamed from the soulful dark eyes—not a regular pink-and-white doll-like beauty, but something deeper, far sweeter.

The artist had a most expressive subject, and he had done the sweet face justice as much as art can do. You seemed to see just how those clear deep eyes could beam with sentiment or flash with joy; you knew how soft the pure face was, how fine and glossy the abundant dark hair clustering around the broad brow—a face tender, strong and true, a pure womanly woman. I gazed long and intently at it, and Fred said, impatiently:

"Isn't she a beauty, Harry? Just my ideal, you see."

"Yes, very beautiful," I answered, dreamily, wondering at the fanciful spell this lovely picture had cast over me, and where I had seen a face like, yet unlike, this one.

"You say it as if you hardly meant it!" he cried out, in his impetuous way, mistaking my absent manner for indifference. "Give it to me! You are such a heartless creature, you can't appreciate anything, not even such glorious beauty as that! But there, what can one expect of such an obdurate old bachelor as you are, Hal?" And he snatched the picture from me.

"Isn't it queer about my finding it, Harry?" Fred continued, rousing me from the dreamy revery into which I was falling.

"Yes; how did it happen, Fred?"

"Walking leisurely along Tremont St., contemplating the exquisite fit of my new boots, I saw a neat-looking little package on the pavement. I took it up, wondering, listlessly, what it contained; but listlessness changed to intense admiration, I assure you, Hal, when I saw that lovely face."

"I've seen a face so very like it somewhere, Fred," I said, musingly, for somehow that young lovely face awakened an olden memory. An old-fashioned substantial farmhouse, widely-spreading elms bending lowly over the moss-covered well, the heavy branches creaking dismally as they swept against the weather-beaten stoop in the storms I remembered so well—or swayed lightly by the gentle summer breeze, low sweet murmurs of the whispering leaves blending, a pleasing monotone, with the wild birds' gay minstrelsy. A bright sweet face, so sunny and fair, shaded by shining golden hair; a petite graceful form bending over an aged man's chair, the golden tresses of youth resting lovingly among the silvery locks of age. Sleek cattle, gentle but spirited horses; geese, turkeys and chickens, a lively cackling brood around the old porch in the morning, fed by a dainty white hand, a sweetly shy face raised to my greeting—a calm peaceful scene, then a dark blank uncertainty.

"What in the deuce ails you, Hal? If you have seen the original of that sweet picture, why can't you tell me about it? Here I've asked you three times, and you haven't answered." And Fred gave me a forcible reminder with his elbow.

"I—well, really, there is nothing to tell," I stammered.

"Humph! I can keep the picture, I suppose, and I mean to find the original if possible," Fred said, surlily, as he left me.

I was like one in a dream the day succeeding Fred's revelation, and at night the sweetly-sad illusion continued, and I wandered through fields and pastures fresh with summer's verdure, dreamed idly by the murmuring brook, casting my line for the shining speckled trout, a saucy smiling face beaming from the clear water.

Three days afterwards, when the busy world had nearly dispelled the sweet dream, and I was the cold calculating man again, Fred entered my office with a dubious face, and seating himself violently, he exclaimed:

"Just my luck, Hal! Showed that picture to Brown, because I knew he was such a good judge of beauty, being an ar-

tist, you see; and then I let a few see my treasure, hoping some of them might enlighten me as to the original. Well, you see, Brown, soon as he caught a glimpse of that face, he just gave me a rousing slap, and says he, 'Good, Fred! Much obliged to you for restoring property. I felt a little blue over the loss of this—such a fine face, you see. Confounded careless in me to drop it on the street, I know, but I suppose I pulled it out with my handkerchief.' And he took the picture from me, coolly.

"'Look here, now, Brown! what do you mean?' I asked.

"'Mean, Fred? I mean to say this pretty picture belongs to me, and I'm much obliged to you for restoring it.' And then he goes on to tell a lot about taking that picture some three years ago, when he was a travelling artist. You see, he's changed all of that since his uncle died and left him a handsome property, but he'd kept this picture, with others of his finest ones, and he was taking it over to Carlton's, it seems; and the lovely face enlarged, will, I presume, hold a prominent place in a painting he is getting up. Well, I had to give it up, you see, Hal, without learning anything about the original. Too bad, wasn't it?"

I do not know what strange impulse actuated me. We are often led, as it would seem, by some overpowering influence apart from ourselves, and are at a loss to account for the inexplicable freaks which sometimes possess us in the most absurd involuntary manner.

Truly, it seemed wholly involuntary on my part, that abrupt turn and hasty entrance to the dingy pawnbroker's shop that dreary drizzly March day; a strange freak even for one of my odd restless disposition.

I scarcely realized where I was, till the palavering man in attendance drew near to know my wishes. No, most assuredly, I did not want anything here. A feeling akin to disgust crept over me as I glanced around the dingy place, and the question rose in my mind:

"Why had I come here?"

To him I answered, rather crustily, I fear:

"Not anything."

He drew back a step, and looked at me suspiciously. From beyond the gaudy but dirty screen, that separated the low dark room, came the sound of voices; at first but an indistinct murmur, as I heard them heedlessly, then a sweet tremulous voice roused me completely, stirring my cold heart, and quickening my sluggish pulses as they had not been quickened for years, by its mournful pathetic sweetness. But dingy pawnbroker's shop and dreary March day faded away beneath the brightness of a fond memory.

I stood among the newmown hay, on a fair June day, and heard a bonnie lassie's ringing laughter, as she fled from amongst the sweet-scented clover I heaped up around her, instead of a sorrowful woman's pathetic voice.

Did you ever think how many of the most important effective events of our lives hinge, as it were, upon trifles?

Then these words, in a pleading way:

"And you wont let that go? Please, sir, give me longer time to redeem it, for I prize it very highly, and am loth to part with it, even for a while. I brought everything else of value, hoping to have more work, and keep this."

How sadly plaintive the soft voice was! A few more low words, indistinct to me, and then the screen was drawn aside. With a hasty gliding step, grace itself, a lady passed me, her face hidden by a thick veil, and hurried out to the street. My breath came hurriedly, and a strange giddy sensation nearly overpowered me as she passed me.

A peculiar sensation, for such a staid bachelor as I was, having been considered wholly exempt for years, in that way, from that troublesome organ called a heart.

"Yes, a very pretty trinket," the coarse voice said, and roused me from my strange trancelike state.

The two men were examining the trinket the lady had left. Then, holding it out for my inspection, he said:

"Very curious pretty trinket."

Was I dreaming? I took the trinket from him, that peculiar sensation nearly overpowering me again.

A tiny locket of fretted gold of most unique peculiar design. Again the scene changed, and in a quickly panoramic view the years of toil and strife rose before me—the years of hardening bitterness in which

I had gained wealth. I recalled vividly that day, far back in the years agone, when the nearly beardless youth unearthed his first nugget of glittering metal, far away from the green valleys and rugged hills of his Northern home, murmuring, sullenly, "Gold! I live for wealth now;" shutting his mouth firmly, working in bitterness as that lovely face kept rising tantalizingly before him. And the years went on, years of toil and heart bitterness, and the farmer boy who had been so proud and happy when he had saved enough from his scanty earnings to purchase the cunning curious locket for his little sweetheart, became a rich hardened man in those years. I touched the tiny spring—the boyish face and the lock of hair had been removed. Then, with sadly forcible reiteration the low tremulous words came to me, bringing strange emotions. All the dark years of hardening bitterness and doubt rolled back with a mighty surge before the sweetly-assuring conviction. She had kept my gift all of these years! She had parted with everything else of value, through dire necessity, before this, *my* gift. I had heard the sweet voice say that. It was but a momentary retrospection, so quickly does thought travel, so deftly does tenacious Memory unveil her cherished treasures; and the blear-eyed pawnbroker was holding out his hand for the treasure-trove I held in nearly frantic grasp. I realized I must give it up, and then the terrible conviction flashed over me why this gift was here. My darling, the one sweet love of my life, was suffering, grappling with the relentless monster poverty, while I was living in ease, revelling in wealth; all of which I felt I would gladly yield now for one glimpse of that loved face.

With a quick start I came back to a realization of the stern reality. I questioned the man with eagerness. Yes, she was needy, suffering. He knew where she did reside a while ago—had taken some furniture from her. He directed me to the place. I hastened away, but on inquiry learned that no such person dwelt there now; poverty had forced her to a cheaper place. With heart-sickening anxiety and loathing I could not prevent, I sought among all of the squalid dens where the affluent city's poor huddled together for nearly a week, vainly, for my lost one. Then, one day, when wearied and disgusted with all of the misery and vain show of this life, I was returning to my luxurious rooms from my fruitless search, all at once, quick as a flash, this bitter truth came home to me—my love, the woman I was now searching for, had married years ago, was probably the wife of another now. I stopped still among the hurrying crowd on the busy street, transfixed by the harsh truth I had known years before.

The crowd jostled me. I passed along, and then came the sweetly-assuring thought that she had kept, prized my gift through all these years, and, well, it did not matter whether she loved me or not. I loved her, and I knew that she was suffering, and my love was sufficient for that evil; I must find her and care for her. I never had much opinion of a love that did not make its object an especial care, extending a watchful, provident interest under all circumstances, in spite of everything and everybody. I quickened my lagging steps under this inspiriting determination, when suddenly my progress was arrested by a crowd collected around some object prostrate upon the pavement. I pressed forward as some one in the crowd said, excitedly, "She is surely dead!"

A fair pale face, marked indelibly with suffering and care, was upturned to the curious gaze. My heart gave one wild bound. I had found my darling! I pushed them rudely aside and took her in my arms, a restful feeling of sweet thankfulness and gratitude pervading every sense as I held her closely to me a moment; the first sensation of *rest* I had experienced for years.

"Is she dead, Mr. Seymour? She dropped right down in front of us, all of a sudden, poor thing!" said a lady beside me; and I was roused to a sense of existing circumstances.

I took her to an apothecary close by, and dispersing the curious crowd, commenced the work of resuscitation. She was not dead, but exhausted vitality had yielded in the street—she was nearly in a state of starvation, utter destitution. How fervently I thanked God for the means the years had given me, and still more for the sweet rest given back to my bitter life.

The years of suffering had swept away all the harshness from the remembrance of that youthful parting, when I had pleaded for her love; her answer, so ardent-

ly besought, had banished the sweetest dream of my life. She confessed with girlish shyness that she loved me "ever so much," but she could not, would not marry a poor farmer. She should wed a rich man, if any; one who could give her the position she desired in life, and support her in style in the city; she was tired of dull country life, of plodding farmers. Such a life she could not think of accepting when she married. She was very, *very* sorry to give me such an answer, but I must not think of her in that way any more. She would be a friend, a sister to me ever—that was all. Of course my impetuous heart was maddened, and I said hot angry words and left her in tears, bidding her marry the conceited dandy if she wished to, I would have none of her friendship. You see I was insanely jealous, too, for I knew well whence came this, to me, cruel change in one whom I had loved so dearly. The conceited dandy as I had called him, had boarded in our neighborhood for a while, and from the first I had disliked and distrusted him, before he paid such assiduous attention to my chosen one.

So we parted, and I turned from quiet paths and love to the worldly struggle for wealth. She married the city idler who coveted the fine farm her aged grandfather left his pet, and she woke from the gilded dream, a bitter illusion, the gold all dross, and her valuable possession of arable land sold to be squandered by the insatiate gambler.

It was but a brief infatuation which can never bring the satisfying rest of true love. The old story of dissipation, neglect and want. The downward road is steep and quickly travelled. Soon all was squandered, the gambler died a violent death, and left his widow and two children destitute. For a time the mother and eldest daughter had struggled bravely against want, then on account of dull times they were unable to obtain work. Little Nellie, the darling and pet of mother and sister, after a long distressing illness, was taken to that better land where want and suffering are unknown.

Wearied and heart-sick the enfeebled mother was for a while nearly prostrated by this bereavement, only to be rudely aroused by pressing daily wants to the realization of their destitution. Nearly everything of value was sold to minister to daily necessities, and in a protracted fruitless search for work Maud took a violent cold, and when I took my lost love to her humble home, one small room in the suburbs occupied by mother and daughter, I found her just recovering from a severe attack of congestion of the lungs. She was still very beautiful, although the fair cheeks had lost, in this early struggle of life, some of the rounded symmetry portrayed in the lovely picture. But, thank God, it was right at last—after the darkness the light. Nearly three months later Fred returned to the city, from some of his erratic wanderings, and entered my office, his sunny face quite cloudy. I met him with a jovial hearty greeting, for I never was more pleased to see the dear son of my deceased friend, left by his dying father in my care, for I had pleasant news to tell him. "What's the matter, Fred?" I asked, after the greeting.

"Not much, only bored to death, nearly. But what ails you, Wal? I should say this dull world had treated you to some superb luck, judging by that radiant phiz of yours," he replied.

"I've good news for you, my boy. I have got a pleasant home for you, and I have found your lovable photograph, and she is lovable, truly, Fred."

Fred caught his breath quickly as he flung away his cigar, and seizing my arm nervously, he demanded explanations, which were readily given.

Suffice it to say that the wooing was successful. In six months I gave the hand, and I was fully assured the whole heart also of my beautiful Maud, my loved wife's daughter, to my adopted son, my noble-hearted Fred. They are as handsome loving a couple as one would wish to see.

"But not happier in their buoyant youthful love than we who have passed through the valley of bitterness, unto the restful peace of satisfied affection," says my fair wife, as she nestles closely to me—my sweet loving wife from whose broad pure brow many of the lines of suffering have passed beneath the light of love.

"No, my love, that they could not be, for, after all, dear one, it is only through suffering that we reach the full satisfying measure of happiness. Our richest blessings are always suffering-bought, and

"'Earth's winter flowers are sweeter far
Than all spring's dewy posies.'"

OVER MY PIPE.

BY M. A. TAINTOR.

I sit and smoke my brier-wood pipe
Within my crimson easy-chair,
And watch with half-shut dreamy eyes
The smoke-wreaths curling on the air.

And Duke, my noble greyhound, rests
His slender head upon my knee,
While I smoke on and dream of one
Who once was all the world to me.

The queen month of the year has come,
Without the golden lilies bloom,
The air is heavy with their breath,
And their rich fragrance fills the room.

'Tis like the June night that I walked
Beside her through the winding lane;
I see her blue eyes softly veiled,
And fold her to my heart again.

She vowed she loved me—yes, she said,
"Ralph, I shall love you to the end;"
But now she curls her crimson lip,
And scorns to call me even friend.

Now years have come and years have gone
Since last I looked upon her face,
Or kissed the rose-bloom on her cheek,
And held her in my fond embrace.

For as the summer days went by,
Sad changes came 'twixt her and me;
She graces now another's home,
In distant land beyond the sea.

Rich jewels flash upon her arms,
Rare flowers deck her golden hair,
And costly laces deck her form,
To make her beauty still more fair.

And yet to me the simple girl,
Who wore a snow-white muslin dress,
Was dearer far unto my heart
Than all this pomp of loveliness.

I have outlived my boyish dreams,
Blue eyes, they have no charm for me,
They've proved themselves, though fair yet false,
And fickle as the changing sea.

Ah, Duke, my boy, you need not look
With those great sober eyes at me.
My pipe is out; so goes my love—
So much for woman's constancy.

Clinton, Conn., October, 1874.

THE MIDNIGHT TRIBUNAL.

A Lieutenant's Adventure in Salt Lake City.

BY M. QUAD, OF THE MICHIGAN PRESS.

"No more trips down town after dark!" shouted Lieutenant George Payson, entering my tent and venting his spite on the campstools.

It was years ago, before the great Pacific Railroad was more than a dream; Platte Bridge, Denver, Laramie, Omaha, and other towns and cities were hardly noticed by the map makers, and the Indian, wolf and buffalo held possession of the country from Omaha to Salt Lake. It was, too, during the palmy days of "the institution," when Mormons ruled with bloody hands, and when Gentiles were dogged and shot as they left the city, or "snatched" while in it, spirited away, and never heard of afterwards.

Camp Conner was Camp Conner then, and situated just where the present military post is. It sometimes contained two hundred soldiers, and sometimes not more than forty or fifty. Detachments were sent from there to do duty at other posts, to escort mail carriers or government trains, but there was always a body of men and a number of officers at the post. The administration had an idea (so it seemed) that the presence of soldiers so near the city was a great protection to the "sinners" who halted in the town or passed it, but we never had occasion to believe that Brigham Young and his numerous saints cared a fig whether we went away or remained. He had "avenging angels" in numbers sufficient to have captured us all at any hour; and but for fear of a conflict

with the government, a soldier would not have been safe from these scoundrels anywhere within fifty miles of Salt Lake.

"There, read that," continued Payson, handing out a "general order" as I looked up.

"Having reason to believe that Sergeant Britton was killed in the city by some of the Mormon population, and knowing that Brigham Young's so-called 'avenging angels' make it their business to dog the steps of soldiers and officers; and believing that our peril will be lessened by remaining within our camp after night, now

"*Therefore*—From and after this date, no soldier or officer will be permitted to visit the city after sundown except upon the written permission of the colonel commanding."

So read the order; and while I saw that it cut short our little plans for pleasure and recreation, I also saw the motive which had induced it, and realized as well as the colonel that there was reason for us to fear evil from the murdering bands which had been christened "avenging angels" by one whose hands were never free from blood.

I did not, therefore, express my indignation toward the colonel, my intention to immediately throw up my commission and return East to go into the grocery business; nor did I say that we should kick up such a rumpus that the military tyrant would be forced to rescind the order. And, after a few minutes' conversation with Payson, I brought him around to see matters as I saw them, and he agreed that the colonel was right.

A month or two previous the non-commissioned officer spoken of in the general order had paid a visit to the city, and never returned. He was known to many of the Mormons as an inveterate enemy of their creed and practices, he being an upright Christian man, and having his wife and child at the camp. He was always free to express his sentiments, even to the Mormons, of whom he was purchasing in the city, and we believed that they had captured and murdered him. An attempt had been made to work out the case, but one detective might as well have tried to work against all the thieves of London. The fellows were impudent, bold and overbearing, and even declared that they were glad if the sergeant had finally received what would soon be dealt out to all other meddling "sinners."

So the order was timely and sensible, and the officers did not rebel.

There were four of us lieutenants—two middle-aged married men, sober as deacons, and Payson and myself, we two being less than twenty-five years old, and rather inclined to excitement and sensation. Having but little to do, paid off regularly, no one but ourselves to care for, a city near at hand, it was no wonder that we were a little wild. We had been in the habit of attending at the tabernacle on Sunday, to hear Young preach, and to count up his wives and children. We often attended the theatre; we occasionally stopped over night at the hotel; played billiards, encouraged bear-fights, and had what we called a good time generally. So long as we kept out of trouble, were at the camp for parade, and put the soldiers through their twice-a-day drill, the colonel had no reproofs. It would come our turn directly to go to Laramie, to go on to California, to be sent hundreds of miles away from civilization, and he knew that we should then have monotony enough to make us as dignified as Uncle Sam himself.

For two weeks after the order came out not an officer visited the city after dark, and only an occasional visit was made by daylight. The rule then became exceedingly irksome, and taking advantage of the fact that a new play was to be put on the boards of the theatre, Payson and I sought and obtained the colonel's permission to be absent until midnight. He cautioned us to be careful of our speech and our company, and warned us to go well armed.

The tramp down was a mere nothing for our stout limbs. We entered the city just after dark, it being a June evening, but had not proceeded far when Payson insisted that we should have a glass of wine. We stepped into a saloon, called the boy, and were just drinking, when we heard a succession of sharp screams and shrieks, as of some female in distress.

"O, that aint nothing!" remarked the boy, noticing our looks of surprise and anxiety. "It's old Treadway giving one of his fifteen wives a flogging!"

We heard shouts, oaths, blows, shrieks, and then a heavy fall. The boy took it all as a matter of course, having often heard

the Mormon at work, but we were considerably excited—Payson so much so that he wanted to interfere.

"Ten thousand million curses on the cursed city and its beastly population!" he exclaimed, after abandoning his idea of rushing to the rescue. "I wish Uncle Sam would give the word to clean it out to-morrow!"

I was about to express a like feeling when I heard a soft step behind me, and turned in time to catch sight of a retreating form.

"You'd better look sharp now!" warned the boy, who was a deep one for his years. "That was 'The Dagger,' who came just in time to hear your speech, and he will keep his eye on you from this time out!"

"And who is the loafer you call 'The Dagger?'" inquired Payson. "And why should we look out for him?"

"To keep from being served in this way!" replied the boy, drawing his finger across his throat. "He is the leader of the 'Avenging Angels,' and he wont forget you. We aint Mormons ourselves, but we have to play off on them; and if you take my advice, you wont get into any dark corners to-night!"

We had both cooled off considerably as we started for the street, for we had reason to know that there was sense in the lad's warning. We talked the matter over, agreed to keep close together, and trusted that we were prepared to successfully defend ourselves if attacked.

The theatre was densely crowded, and we found it impossible to obtain seats. We had come to see the play, and so concluded to stand up and make the best of it.

In about half an hour I had become so absorbed in the transactions on the stage that I did not notice when Payson left my side and went over to have a confab with an acquaintance. A number of the audience came between us, and so, when I at last looked around, my friend was nowhere to be seen. I was not anxious, but was yet looking this way and that, when a man came up to me, looked keenly into my face, and said:

"Your friend has got into trouble over on Hill Street, and wants you to come to him."

"But, who are—"

"Never mind who I am," he replied, "but come along as fast as you can. Your friend is being murdered."

This was enough. I remembered Payson's words in the saloon, the boy's warning, and I concluded that "The Dagger" had in some way decoyed my friend out of the theatre and attacked him.

I followed the unknown from the building up the street, down another, a turn to the left, and then I halted. We were at the entrance of a dark and lonely street, no one was in sight, and I began to have suspicion that all was not right.

"Come on—come on; it's only one more block!" urged the man, also stopping. At the same moment the cry of "help!" was shouted from down the street, and we dashed forward on the run.

We had not traversed more than half the block when I heard a movement as I passed a doorway, and the next moment was down on the walk, struggling to free myself from the grasp of three men who had vaulted upon me. A gag was thrust into my mouth, a pair of handcuffs snapped together around my wrists, and then the men, who had not spoken a word, picked me up and carried me into the building. I was taken through a long hall, up a flight of stairs, through another hall, all dimly lighted, and then found myself in a room about thirty feet square. It was lighted by four candles, had matting on the floor, and contained six chairs, placed in a row before a table on which were pen, ink and paper.

"Take out the gag and unlock the handcuffs," commanded a voice; and directly I stood on my feet, unfettered.

"What does this mean—this outrage—knocking down and gagging a United States officer?" I exclaimed, looking from one evil face to another.

"You will soon learn," replied one of the men. And then they withdrew to the door and held a conversation in whispers. One of their number passed out, came back in about five minutes, and then the four approached me.

"Well, can you explain your brutal conduct now?" I inquired.

"You are to be conducted to No. 1, to wait until the Tribunal of Seven assembles, and then you are to be tried for your life!"

So spoke the leader of the party, an evil-faced fellow, whom I would not have

cared to meet on the open highway in broad daylight. I looked from one to the other, but each face was evil, unreadable and stern.

"But I wont go!" I replied. "I have had enough of this nonsense, and I now propose to return to the theatre. Mormons or Gentiles, you will think twice before you stretch out a hand to stop me!"

They had removed my revolver before taking off the handcuffs, and I was consequently without a weapon. I stood close to one of the chairs, and as I saw that they were about to rush, I seized it, whirled it aloft, and sent one of the men to the floor. The others rushed upon me, but I beat them back, knocked another down, and rushed to the door.

It was locked! As I turned, the four closed in on me, despite my blows, and they soon had me down. They did not gag me again, but one of them seized my foot and dragged me through a hall, opened a door, and I was hauled into a room not over ten feet square.

"We will call for you at midnight!" spoke one of the men, and the door was shut and locked.

There was no light in the cell, but the light from a window half a block away streamed in and allowed me to see, first, that my only window was barred and grated until a mouse could hardly have got out or in; second, there was a pitcher of water and a stool; third, the walls were thick and massive, and the door as solid as iron.

I took in all these things as I rested on my elbow, and a closer inspection when I rose up only proved how well I had seen. I tried the door, the window, sounded the walls, tested the floor, and sat down on the stool with a conviction that I must remain a prisoner so long as my captors saw fit. It was easy to understand the game which had been played. The unknown had got me out of the theatre on purpose to trap me, and it was also easy to understand that I was in the power of the "Avenging Angels," and that escape from their clutches was a matter scarcely to be thought of.

I could not bear the idea that I was a prisoner, and I made the round of the cell again, hoping that the door or the window might be made to yield. The door was too stout to be attacked, but I determined to give the bars a trial. I had no tools to work with, but there was the stool. I pulled out a leg, searched over the latticework until I found a spot to suit, and then inserted the leg. The bars bent back a trifle as I sagged my weight upon the stick, and there was a loud snap, and the leg was broken.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed a voice outside the door, and then I knew that one of the men was standing sentry. He knew I would seek to escape, but he knew that I could not.

I sat down on the floor, sick at heart. What did they mean by the Tribunal of Seven—that mysterious committee who were going to put me on trial at midnight? I had been in the Mormon country long enough to know how to answer the question. It meant that seven Mormon dignitaries were to give me the farce of a trial, condemn me as an enemy of their religion and social habits, and then hand me over to the Avengers to be murdered!

It seemed an age to midnight. I made no more efforts toward regaining my liberty, heard no sound from street or building, and was almost glad as the door was at last unlocked, and I was conducted to the judgment-room. I felt a chill as I looked around. Six masked men occupied the six chairs, and the seventh one sat behind the table. A chair was placed for me at his left hand. I sat down, and for a moment not a sound was heard. The seven masked men and the four Avengers were as motionless as statues. Then the silence was interrupted. A bell, sounding as if in the cellar of the building, struck one, two, three—eleven, twelve, and I could think of nothing but a funeral procession as I counted the strokes.

"Prisoner, stand up!" commanded the masked judge, his voice being low and stern.

I was at first determined to resist all said and done, believing that they would not dare to murder an officer of the government, but there was something in the tone of the judge which made me obey the command.

"Prisoner, you are charged with having been in the company of those who cursed our religion and desired to shed our blood—with being yourself an enemy of our creed—with having attempted to incite members of the true faith to rebel against us. You are now on trial for your life! Are you guilty or not guilty?"

I hesitated a moment, and then answered him that I had not been arrested by any process of law, was not in the presence of any court, could not summon witnesses, and should decline to plead.

"Guilty or not guilty?" he commanded, raising his hand in a warning way.

Again I hesitated, and then asked him if he would allow me an attorney and give me the privilege of summoning witnesses.

"The Tribunal of Seven knows no lawyers—allows no privileges. You are on trial for your—plead or be condemned without hearing?"

Forced into it, I plead "Not guilty," and was told to sit down as "The Dagger" was motioned to take the stand. He stood near the judge, related what he had overheard at the saloon, and further related that Payson and myself had long been known to have exhibited a bitter animosity toward the Mormon church and toward leading Mormons.

It had not been fifteen minutes since the muffled bell struck twelve, but now it struck again—*one!* one against me!

I demanded that I should be allowed to cross-examine the witness, but the judge raised his hand, and the second Avenger took the stand. His testimony was about the same, except that he reported several fictitious conversations to make out that I had sought to induce certain Mormons to leave the church. He sat down and the bell struck again—*two!* The other two were called up, testified to suit the occasion, the bell struck for each, and then the judge rose up and asked:

"Prisoner, what have you to say to this?"

"Nothing?" I replied—"not a single word! You convicted me even before you saw me, and your tribunal is a grand humbug! I am an officer of the United States government, and if you dare to lay a finger on me, your cursed adulterous tribe hasn't lives enough to satisfy the revenge which will be taken?"

My temper was up, and I cared not what I said. I believed they meant to kill me, and was determined to free my mind, if no more. I also had a slight hope that a bold course, and putting in Uncle Sam as a backer, might cause them to hesitate. But they were Mormons—arrogant, powerful, fearless.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge, his lips never moving. "Ha! ha! ha!" laughed each juror—a laugh which made chill after chill creep up my back.

"Prisoner at the bar, stand up and receive your sentence!" commanded the judge, as the jurors rose up and each made a sign—a sign to show that I had been found guilty. "Prisoner, you have had a fair and impartial trial, and a jury of your peers pronounce you guilty. The sentence of this tribunal is that you be turned over to the Avenging Angels, to be taken back to your friends!"

Did I hear aright! Had I succeeded in frightening the tribunal? Was I to be restored to liberty? I thought so for half a minute.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the judge—a laugh which made my flesh creep.

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed the jurors and Avengers—a laugh sounding like the terrible "yah!" "yah!" of the caged hyenas.

The judge moved slowly down, the jurors formed by twos, and the seven marched slowly out of the room; their long black gowns trailing behind. I was watching them, when I was suddenly jerked down from behind, handcuffed again, and the four Avengers carried me along on their shoulders. We went through a hall, down a pair of stairs, made a turn to the right, passed the length of another hall, and then entered a room about fifteen feet square.

I was placed on my feet, the handcuffs removed, and then, while three of the men drew their knives, the fourth advanced to the wall and seized the end of a cord. He made a motion, and the three raised their knives.

They were going to murder me!

They came closer, and I retreated. Closer, and I stood very nearly in the centre of the room, facing them. Not a word had been spoken. Words were not needed with them, and I knew that no entreaties of mine could change my fate.

The man at the cord gave it a pull; I felt a trembling motion beneath my feet, and I gave a loud yell and a long leap just as a trap door fell down, opening to my gaze the mouth of a deep black pit. An odor came up—an odor of decaying bodies, a smell so strong that it sickened me. The Avengers were on one side and I on the other. They waited a moment, surprised, and then, with a flourish of their knives, advanced to force me into the pit. The nearest was not three feet away, when we heard a sound that

made them pause. There was a bang, a crash, a rush of feet and a rattle of muskets, and six soldiers from the camp, headed by Payson, rushed into the room.

There was a shout; several shots; one of the avengers tumbled backward into the pit, and when the smoke rose up, the other three were safe away. I was saved, but they had not come a moment too soon.

To explain; Payson had seen me leave the theatre, after all, and he soon followed in company with his friend, who was suspicious of a trick. They were almost at hand as I was carried into the doorway, and the citizen was greatly alarmed for my safety, recognizing the building as a sort of private prison. Under his advice, Payson started for the camp, detailed events to the colonel, and was given the soldiers in the forlorn hope of rescuing me. They had just stopped at the basement door as I shouted. Recognizing the voice, Payson had ordered the door dashed in, and you have the result.

It was the intention to sift the matter to the bottom, as we now believed the sergeant to be in the pit, but before the colonel had taken any steps, he was assigned to other duties. Payson was sent up the Yellowstone, and my would-be murderers never received what we intended for them. A month after, I saw the corpse of "The Dagger," shot by a ranchman, and this was the only consolation I ever had.

THE CRUISE OF THE ARIADNE.

BY RICHARD FAULKNER.

A LONG low line of ragged coast lay half enveloped in fog, one May morning, years ago. The mists were rolling off the green hills above the sea, and the air was full of the rich scent of apple blossoms, from the orchards beyond. A light breeze stole up softly from the west—too softly, as yet, to fill the sails of the trim little brig that stood outward bound. At intervals, the fog was pierced, for a moment, with a bright ray from the sun; but its filmy curtains closed again, as if to warn the commander not to trust the deceitful ray. The sails loosely flapping, seemed to answer the appeal, and to declare that some time must yet elapse before the brig would "walk the waters."

On the deck of the brig a young man was standing, in the half careless, half commanding position that denoted his authority. This was Captain St. Maur, the commander of the little brig, and half owner of the same.

Low in stature and somewhat broad-shouldered, the figure of Captain St. Maur was not one that generally pleases a lady's eye; yet few could look twice upon the thoughtful and intelligent face, with its calm smile, the firm red lips enclosing teeth white as ivory, the wide brow, with its wealth of glossy brown hair, and the pleasant blue eyes, that lighted up the whole, without feeling that he was no common man, even if his form were not of the Apollo build.

The thoughtful face, however, wore, upon the morning we speak of, a graver look than was its wont. Something was busy beneath those white eyelids, beside the care for the brig. The fog lifted and cleared away—but not so did the captain's face. That was still half clouded, as if there was some memory that disturbed, or some anticipation that knocked unpleasantly at the door of his mind.

"You are grave to-day, Arthur," said his cousin, Stephen Millwood, who had come on board to bid him farewell. "Are you ill? or has the parting from Leila proved too much for you?"

"Don't jest with me to-day, Steve; I cannot bear it. I have unpleasant thoughts which I cannot conquer. I will make a clean breast of it to you; for a trouble shared is half cured, they say. And yet, it is foolish to disturb myself with an idle dream, or to repeat it to you either."

"Say on, my dear fellow. Perhaps I can comfort you, somehow."

"Listen, then. You know Edgarton, who sailed a fortnight since. He was my particular friend. We have been in port together often, and were constant companions. We were hoping to meet again, as I was to sail so soon after him. But last night and the two preceding nights, I was tormented by ugly dreams about Edgarton, which have left an impression on my mind that I cannot rid myself of. There were

strange confused scenes, in which his was the prominent figure. Strife, and bloodshed, and death were all there; and in each, Edgarton had his part. I know not what it betokens, but I feel that wherever he is, he is not safe. I would give worlds to be assured that nothing evil had befallen him; but the presentiment is strong, and will not be controlled."

"But it was only a dream, my dear fellow, and, like a thousand others, has no foundation for alarm. You will laugh over this with Edgarton, when you arrive in port and find him there, unharmed, before you."

"Pray God I may, Steve! If your prediction proves true, I will never trust to dreams again. I never thought myself superstitious, but this has really almost unmanned me. I dwell upon it constantly. Even through the foggy atmosphere of this morning, I have had glimpses of horror that made me shudder; and in every one of them, I have seen Edgarton's face."

"But see, Arthur, the fog has cleared away, and even so will the mists that have temporarily obscured your mind. Promise me that you will try to exorcise your demon, and fill his place with some more agreeable object—Mademoiselle Leila, or any other that pleases you."

St. Maur tried to catch a ray of consolation from Stephen Millwood's sunny temper, but in vain. On board Captain's Edgarton's bark, the jaunty little Arabella, named after Edgarton's wife, St. Maur had noticed, on the very morning of sailing, a countenance which had sent a thrill of mingled disgust and horror to his impressible nerves. He had even spoken to Captain Edgarton, calling his attention to the almost demoniac face; but had failed in obtaining any other answer than the laughing one of, "O, Priest is no beauty, I know; but he is not a bad fellow, I think. At any rate, he will not show me the wrong side of his temper but once. I am not such a tender-hearted chicken as you, St. Maur, and I should make nothing of stringing him as high as Haman, if I discovered any attempt to molest any one on board."

Hence were engendered the distressing visions that had so tormented St. Maur in regard to his friend; and, after dreaming of the bark of Edgarton and the ugly-looking sailor, for three successive nights, St. Maur had become almost a victim to the embittered thoughts which, until now, he had kept in his own breast.

St. Maur sailed on that day, notwithstanding his convictions that a storm was at hand; and the consequence was, that the brig was driven back again. A storm, such as seldom arises in the balmy month of May, came on, and the only safety lay in returning. There was a tempest—a dark rainy sea, dense gloomy clouds overhead, and the Ariadne came back.

Again all a sailor's superstition seized Captain St. Maur. It was an unlucky voyage that did not keep on its unbroken route. If St. Maur did not rouse himself to soar above this weakness, let us remember that greater men than he have also proved themselves weaker than he.

But on the last day of May the brig sailed anew. The sky was propitious, its blue dome reflected in the sea below. The winds were fair, and the Ariadne danced upon the waves, amidst the glitter and glow of their shining surface. The eyes that watched her until she disappeared from sight, were those of maiden, mother, wife. The lips that had kissed the beloved at parting sent up prayers to Heaven for their safe return. *They* were gone—but every wave that rolled upon the shore would bring back their memories—every storm would wake new fear and dread in loving hearts for the dwellers on the sea.

It was near the sunset hour of the fourth day of Captain St. Maur's outward passage, that the man at the lookout called his attention to a bark, the wavering and unsteady course of which had awakened his curiosity for some minutes. Sometimes approaching, sometimes putting about, as if to sail away altogether, she attracted the eyes of all on board. The captain raised his glass to his eye, but dropped it almost instantly.

"My God!" he exclaimed, "it is Edgarton's bark!"

At the same moment, two or three voices repeated the name of the bark. One man had made two voyages with Captain Edgarton, and declared that it was the Arabella; and Clarkson, the mate, was equally sure.

The bark was now making signals of distress. St. Maur ordered the men to stand out for her, and, when near enough, to hail her. They did so, and the brave captain, who was never known to show signs of fear, actually stumbled, and was near fainting

when the answer came to his ear:

"Captain Edgarton has been murdered! What brig is that?"

The mate caught up the speaking-trumpet which his captain had dropped, and answered:

"The Ariadne—St. Maur master."

A joyful cry was the response.

"For God's sake, come on board the bark!"

Stunned and shocked as he was, St. Maur managed to leap into the boat and gain the deck of the Arabella. What a sight met his eye! There lay his friend, the life-blood poured out like water on the deck; and around the body stood several of the crew, with faces blanched to the hue of death. It was horrible, indeed.

"Who has done this frightful deed?" he asked, in a voice that strove to be firm, but trembled with emotion which could not be controlled.

The men pointed to two of the crew who were lashed to one of the masts, and were heavily ironed. One of these men was a negro. He was weeping violently, and shuddered whenever the scene on deck met his eye.

In the dim twilight that soon came on, it was fearful enough, indeed, for any beholder. What must it be for one who had committed the deed, and was compelled to look upon the terrible evidences of his crime?

St. Maur felt himself nearly unmanned. He had known and loved Captain Edgarton like a brother. And now to find him thus —O how could he bear up against it? Never had he felt so completely overcome with grief and indignation. But he felt called upon to make an effort, and he tried to be brave, and to look this dreadful matter in the face.

The mate, who had received several heavy blows in defence of his captain, and who was suffering greatly in consequence, called him aside, to confer with him privately.

He informed him that he did not feel secure as to the character of another whom they had on board. This man, with the white man now lashed to the mast, was taken from a wreck a week before. They had also saved from the wreck a lady, who he hoped was in ignorance of the dreadful affair on deck. She was in the cabin, and he trusted she was sleeping, and would not come on deck until all vestige of the deed was removed.

"And do, for Heaven's sake, Captain St. Maur, transfer the lady to your brig; for there is everything here to terrify her imagination, and I am too weak to offer her such protection as she needs."

St. Maur promised to convey her to the brig as soon as the darkness should hide the deck from her sight; also to put on board the bark two strong able men, capable of standing by him, in case of further mutiny. He decided to send the bark to the port from which she had sailed, in order that the prisoners might be secured in jail at once.

The mate, or rather, captain, as he now was, agreed with him as to the necessity of so doing.

"But I frankly confess to you," he said, "that in my present state, I dread to encounter the passage home, with such desperate men on board; and yet, I fear you will be seriously inconvenienced by losing two men from your crew, and I feel that I ought not to take them from you."

"No," answered St. Maur. "My brig is only on a cruise, and we shall soon be in a port where I can supply their places. Do not distress yourself on that account."

"Thank you, sir; and thank you, too, for taking the lady. I should have suffered on her account, more than I can express. But let me introduce you to her. She must be awake now."

They descended to the cabin. The lady was awake, and was about to ascend to the deck. She started at sight of the mate's bruised head, but he hastened to assure her that it was nothing serious. He then told her, gently, that the captain was dead, and that Captain St. Maur's vessel being better adapted for passengers, he had thought it would be pleasanter for her to take passage with him.

She was shocked at his news, but professed herself willing to do what her preservers thought best. He then introduced St. Maur, who asked her if she would go on board immediately.

"When I have taken my last look at Captain Edgarton, I shall be ready," was her answer.

"I entreat you not to think of it," said St. Maur. "The men are making preparations to enclose the body in spirits, and it will be important that they shall do it

speedily—" He hesitated to say more.

"I am sorry. He was very kind and friendly to me. I regret his death, and wish I could have seen him once more; but I will not detain you long."

"Will you remain here, then, until I call for you?"

"Certainly."

St. Maur left her, and went on deck to superintend the arrangements he had suggested. When all was done, he guided the lady to the deck, from which all traces of the recent tragedy had been hastily removed, and where she took leave of the mate. In a few moments she was on board the brig, and sailing quickly away, where she was unknowing of any greater disaster than the death of one she had known so little while.

Not until she was comfortably situated and supper was over, did St. Maur reveal to her what had happened. Shocked and sorrowful, yet inexpressibly grateful for the kindly care St. Maur had taken to keep her in ignorance until now, and thankful to be still under his protection, she could only express her sense of it by her tears.

St. Maur had watched her from the time she had come on board. While they were in the cabin of the Arabella, he was too excited to observe her at all. Now, he was aware that she was a very lovely woman. Her face and figure, her quiet and modest demeanor, the interest which her lonely and unprotected state gave her, all awakened an interest unfelt by him before. The "Leila" about whom Stephen Millwood had attempted to jest with him, was a protege of the mother of St. Maur. There was no attachment between them that could possibly conflict with his marriage to another, if he should find a person suited to his fastidious taste.

As yet, the name and circumstances of his passenger were wrapped in mystery; but this did not prevent St. Maur from admiring her as he had never admired woman until he saw her.

Before the evening was over, she had regained her composure sufficiently to explain her situation. Her name was Olive Rochester, the daughter of a West Indian, a merchant, who had recently died. Her mother had died long before, and Olive had been under the care of a governess. Mr. Rochester had made it his dying command that Olive and the governess should go to the United States, where her mother was born, and where he supposed some of her friends were still living. They had embarked from Porto Rico in a vessel bound to Baltimore; had encountered heavy gales, and were taken from the wreck by the Arabella. Only one man was saved. The poor governess, whom she could not mention without tears, was too ill and frightened to bear up under the hardship she was undergoing, and had died the night before. Miss Rochester was more courageous than her friend; but when she saw her committed to the waters, she, too, lost all presence of mind, and gave herself up for lost, until the welcome sails of the Arabella caught her eye. Worn out by suffering, she had slept away most of the time after she was rescued, and even the unusual noises on board the bark, on that fatal afternoon, had failed to arouse her benumbed senses.

"And, strangely enough, Miss Rochester," said St. Maur, "I am bound for the port from which you sailed. Do you wish to see home so soon?"

"O, I do indeed! It will seem so much better than to go among strangers, in the worn and listless state I am now in. Though I shall sadly miss my poor friend when I get there. She had been my companion from childhood, and was the only mother I ever knew."

"But will you not carry out your father's wish in visiting the United States?"

"Perhaps I may; but it will be some time before I shall have courage to try the ocean again. Then my home is very dear to me, desolate as it is. I should never have left it, had I been left to my own free will. And I think I must wait now until I ascertain if I have any relatives in Baltimore, who care to see me. Besides, no one can take the place of my poor Juanita, in accompanying me on a voyage."

Every day spent by St. Maur in the society of this charming girl deepened the interest he had taken in her. He was too thoroughly honorable, however, to acquaint her with any sentiments he cherished toward her, save those of the greatest kindness and friendliness. She felt the delicacy and nobleness of his conduct toward her, and showed her sense of it by trying to appear cheerful and even happy.

St. Maur had supplied himself with read-

ing matter of the best and most refined sort; and this was a source of untiring interest to both. Both, too, were skillful chess-players, and this, too, helped to wile away the time. Each had inward griefs; but they strove to hide the pain that they inflicted.

And so the voyage wore on, until the destined port came in sight. Then came the thought that all this companionship might be ended forever. To St. Maur this idea was inexpressibly sad. He knew not if Olive Rochester would care if she should never see his face again. His stay must necessarily be short; and if he would know his fate, it must be important that he should tell the story of his love for her as soon as she should reach her home.

To one as reticent as himself, it was no easy task to broach a subject upon which he was so wholly in the dark, as that of Miss Rochester's feeling in regard to himself. By no chance show of affection had she ever intimated that she felt for him anything save the calm courtesy and serene trust in his honor which all *must* feel toward a man like St. Maur. At all times and from all people, he received this courtesy and this trust.

It was only when he parted from her at her own door that she showed emotion, and the sight of it sent a thrill to his heart. He never forgot her look, nor the clasp of her hand at that parting.

When the Ariadne sailed from Porto Rico, Olive Rochester was the promised bride of St. Maur. In her beautiful home, six months afterwards, she became his wife. If we fail to give more than this passing record, it is because the wooing was so calm and serene—so free from passionate emotion, that it needs no burning and fervid words to depict it. And in the tranquil years that have passed since the meeting of those two souls, St. Maur has grown into the realization of all his hopes of happiness, and can truly say, "How much the wife is dearer than the bride."

The murderers of Captain Edgarton met with their punishment, when the bark arrived home. The negro affirmed to the last that the white man was the instigator of the crime, and compelled him, by dreadful threats, to perform his bidding. God alone knows!

LOVE AT THE BALL.

BY T. JEFFERSON CHAMBERS.

When floating through the dance's maze
Your "airy fairy form" I see,
And watch the witchery of your ways,
So artless, innocent and free—
The while the viol's soulful strains
Fill me with vague unhappiness—
The blood flows fast through all my veins,
My pulses leap with painful bliss.

O midnight eyes, so soft, so bright,
And from Love's saddening sweetness free,
I'd give my hopes of heaven to-night
For one shy glance of love from thee!

Still with the music's ebb and flow
You float the dreamy dances through;
You know not, you will never know,
How my lone spirit follows you—
How, as I watch your matchless charms,
Or feel your soft hair brush my cheek,
I long to clasp you in my arms
And kiss the love I cannot speak.

O for one kiss from lips so red!
O for one touch of cheek so white!
O even, till the day I'm dead,
Your loveliness must haunt my sight.

Though well I know that not for me
Is kiss, or touch, or word from you,
My love is boundless as the sea,
And pure as heaven's arch of blue.

Still with the music's witching swell
You float the dreamy dances through—
My love, my sweet, farewell, farewell!
May life's best blessings follow you.

Ryerson's Station, Pa., Jan., 1875.

MY PATRIMONY.

BY MRS. R. B. EDSON.

It had been bequeathed to me in my grandfather's will when I was little more than a baby. My grandfather had married a young girl after his own sons and daughters had families about them, and there was a coldness between father and children from that time. Then in his old age another child was born to him; a fair delicate little thing, which crept into the old man's heart as no other child had ever done, until love grew into positive idolatry, and then God took her.

I think this softened the hearts of the other children, for at my birth, which happened soon after, I was named Dilly, the name *she* had borne, making it, to my grandfather, at least, the sweetest name in all the world. In less than two years from this time my grandfather died also, and to the surprise of all the family, "Willow-Brook Farm" was bequeathed to me.

The years had come and gone, bringing many and grave changes, but, gravest and saddest of all, I was left fatherless. My mother was one of those pretty, gentle, fragile women who are constitutionally dependent. She made our home fair and sweet by all the tender charms of grace, and beauty, and affection. It was enough for twenty long happy years—years when my father's strong arm and brave heart bore the brunt of life for us all. But when that failed, she, too, failed. I do not say this in blame, but my heart bleeds even now when I think of that terrible year of struggle, when, to shield her, at the cost of his own life, my father fought that fearful hand-to-hand conflict with death, facing the foe bravely, even to the moment when the crimson lifeblood covered his breast.

It was in the chill twilight of a raw March day that we came to Willow-Brook Farm—I mean that we came to take possession. There were four of us: my mother, Alice, Harry and myself. I do not think we had any definite object in coming here; it was because it was the only thing we could do. It was a home and a shelter, at least, and that was something.

The house set in from the road, and was reached by a narrow lane, one side of which was bordered by a shallow brook, half hidden by a thick undergrowth of willows. The little bridge at the foot of the lane was half rotted away, and a general aspect of neglect and decay brooded over the place.

"O Dilly!" my mother cried, hysterically, as we were driven up the lane in the ghostly uncertain light, "why have you brought us to this dreadful place? Let us go back, children. Dilly, ask the man to drive us back!"

I put my arm about my mother's slight figure. She was trembling like one in an ague. The man who was driving cast a curious glance back at us, and I saw him smile faintly. I was angry that he should discover our secrets. What business was it of his? And yet I was silly enough to seek to excuse my poor mother.

"She is ill and weak," I said, in an undertone, as he lifted me out in his strong arms, as if I were a baby.

"Yes, I see," he replied, laconically.

"Indeed! I congratulate you upon your powers of observation!" I replied, stiffly.

"Thank you!" he said, nonchalantly, with another of those faint smiles.

Just at this moment the great oaken door, with its ponderous brass knocker, swung open, and Tom Allen's cheery laugh greeted us like a benediction. Tom had been my father's best friend, proving the sincerity of his friendship by helping and advising his dear ones when he could do it no longer. It was he who had strengthened my resolution to come to Willow-Brook when I wavered under my mother's and Alice's opposition. It was he, also, who had come out before us with his energetic little wife, and "set our house in order."

"Come right in, Mrs. Clifton," he said, cheerily, tucking my mother under his arm, and looking back over his shoulder at the rest of us. "Molly and I are all ready for company!" And he laughed such a genial heartsome laugh that I hardly knew which was brightest, it or the broad flood of soft firelight that poured through the

open door at the end of the great hall. I only know that together they completely chased away the gloom which had enveloped us a moment before; and even my mother smiled as she looked in our friend's jolly and kindly face.

I bethought me, all at once, and stepped back. I had not paid the man for driving us over from Acton Centre, some four miles. He was just turning the horse when I ran down the path, feeling vexed at myself for my forgetfulness, and thinking it would give him a chance to laugh at me again in his cool annoying way.

"Sir," I said, in what I see now must have been a ludicrously dignified manner, "you will please give me your price for driving us from the station."

"But if I do *not* please—what then?" he asked, deliberately getting into the wagon and taking up the reins.

"But I insist upon paying you!" I said, hotly.

"Ah? I'm sorry, then, but I am afraid I cannot gratify you. I did not bring you for pay. Good-night, Miss Clifton." And giving his horse a sharp cut with the whip, he rode down the lane and out of sight before I had fairly mastered my surprise, and, I will confess, indignation.

"Tom," I exclaimed, coming into the room where the family were gathered (we all called him Tom, he would have it so), "who is that fellow?"

Tom stopped and gazed at my flushed face with a slightly-puzzled expression, which almost instantly broadened into a laugh, I knew, at my perturbed look.

"O, you mean Cleaveland? I fancy you wouldn't call him 'that fellow' if you knew him better. Dilly, John Cleaveland is one of nature's noblemen. I have known him ever since he was a mere baby, and I never knew him do a mean or ungenerous thing. What is the indictment against him, my girl?" And he came and looked straight in my eyes, an unusual seriousness in his own.

"He's a disagreeable, impertinent person!" I said, shortly, vexed that Tom should praise him so warmly. "And—and he said he 'didn't drive us here for pay,' and called me 'Miss Clifton'—as if I were an old and particular friend!"

The way Tom Allen laughed is altogether indescribable. There was always something peculiarly infectious about Tom's laughter, and on looking up I saw that every one was laughing also. It was no use. I gave in and joined the general chorus, though in my secret heart I was angrier than ever with the cause of it all—John Cleaveland—and disliked him more than ever.

I can see it now, the bright quaint picture that flashed upon me, as, recovering my composure, I stood and looked about me. The great open chimney was one glowing mass of rosy flame, that, like a brilliant sunset, dyed with its own rare splendor everything it touched. The floor was bare and snowy white, and was worn here and there by the tread of feet that had been dust for many long, long years. The low-ceiled walls stretched away into—it seemed—illimitable space, and narrow curiously-panelled doors opened in all directions. The walls had been blue originally, but time had dimmed and faded them, till, in the soft firelight, there was about them a sort of pale halo, like the soft flush of a summer dawn against the cool azure of the firmament. My mother's fair face took on the bloom of youth in this rare light; and even the strange pallor that had of late given me such a sad sinking of the heart whenever I looked at Harry's thoughtful young face, seemed to have banished like some painful dream.

"O Dilly, this is beautiful!" Harry said, softly, touching my hand in a pretty caressing way he had. "I am afraid, though, it will make me want to stay more," he added, dreamily, as if to himself.

My heart gave a fierce throb, but I put the unwelcome thought away from me with a resolute hand. I could not have it so—I would not! Harry was so young—only fifteen, and country air and country living would make him strong immediately, I was sure—at least I tried to persuade myself that I was.

The next morning, before any of the family had arisen, I went over the house, and the nearer portions of the farm with Tom Allen. Alas! the beautiful glamour of the rosy firelight had faded and vanished, and under the gray gusty skies my "patrimony" looked little enough like Eden, I must confess. Tom pushed back the great barn doors, and I looked in. It was "empty, swept and garnished."

"I must have something to put in here, Tom," I said, in a tone of desperation;

"I *must!* What can I get the cheapest?"

"Well, cats, perhaps," he replied, with ludicrous gravity. "I shouldn't wonder if for five dollars you could stock the old concern pretty well."

I knew the good fellow was trying to divert my mind from the general dreariness and desolation that pervaded the place, and inwardly thanked him the while I made a pretence of anger. After this we held a long consultation, the result of which was that before noon there were a cow, half a dozen hens, and the smallest atom of a pig, fairly domiciled in the old barn; and Harry and I, at least, were in a pleasant state of excitement over the matter. There was a delightful sense of ownership about our new possessions that was altogether novel and charming. We could not do enough for them, and to this day it is a perfect marvel to me how that small morsel of a pig could have held all we managed to put into him.

But it was not till Tom Allen and his good wife had gone back to their home that a full sense of the care, and toil, and responsibility of our new life came upon me. It looked a rather hopeless experiment, I knew; but when one has no choice, what is one to do? My mother was utterly despondent, and Alice angry at me for "getting us out here," as she called it. Harry stood by me bravely, and we two resolved ourselves into a committee of "ways and means," the result of which was that I decided to apply for the school at Acton Centre.

"It's what the heroine of a story invariably does," Harry said, by way of recommendation.

"Or else goes out as governess," I added, laughing, "where there is an irresistible father, surrounded by nine small children, who, alas! are motherless."

We decided to say nothing about the matter to mother or Alice at present, and if I was unsuccessful, as I very much expected to be, we promised each other never to mention it at all. I do not think that I had the faintest idea that I should secure the school, and yet I went on planning the expenditure of my salary with a coolness and deliberateness that was altogether amazing.

I sent in my name to the committee, and was notified to appear for examination on either the seventeenth or eighteenth day of April. I chose the former, to have it the sooner over, for, with all my powers of self-control, I found myself getting suspiciously nervous, and I had a morbid fear that my mother or Alice would discover my purpose, and raise a storm of opposition about my ears.

How distinctly I remember, even to the minutest detail, everything which occurred that morning! The most commonplace and trivial things seem cut into my memory with sharp ineffaceable lines that the years do not touch. I had been politic enough to discover from time to time certain little articles needed at the Centre; and so, when I proposed carelessly, as I cleared away the breakfast-table, to go to the village, my mother at once declared that I "couldn't have a better time," and she was glad I could "think of *something* besides this dismal old place."

It was a lovely morning, one of April's fairest and brightest children. The softly-rounded hills, flushed faintly with tender green; the quiet stirless river, over which hovered a tremulous fleecy mist, through which gleamed the lithe-limbed willows, shewing goldenly green in the slant sunlight; and over all the soft delicious sunshine, melting into the fathomless blue of the bending heavens, were enough to stir the blood and quicken the pulses of a far less susceptible nature than mine. I walked on in a sort of transport of feeling, till the hoarse rattle of the coach that carried passengers from the outlying districts to the Centre, broke in upon my consciousness, warning me that my delightful revery was at an end.

Once fairly inside the coach, all my nervousness returned, and a curious feeling of giddiness took possession of me. I felt as if I were swinging in measureless space, with neither foothold nor support. I was vaguely conscious that there were other passengers, but I had not the faintest interest in them, and did not even glance at them; and not until some one pronounced my name, in a clear deep voice, as I alighted at the house of one of the committee, where I had been directed, do I think I *really* saw one of my fellow-passengers.

I hardly know whether I felt most pleased or vexed when I looked up and met the cool gray eyes of John Cleaveland quietly regarding me as he assisted me from the coach. I think there was a faint

feeling of relief, curiously mingled with a vague sense of annoyance. I had seen him at church, and had twice met him in the street, but he had not spoken to me since the night he brought me to Willow-Brook, till now. As he preceded me up the long cobble-stone walk to the front door, he glanced back over his shoulder and smiled that terribly-provoking smile again.

"I hardly think you will be drawn and quartered, Miss Clifton," he said, I thought, contemptuously.

I felt the hot indignant blood flood my face. What right had he to notice my weakness and comment on it in this impertinent way? I do not think I was ever so thoroughly angry in my life as I was at this moment with John Cleaveland. It roused me completely, and I made a sudden inward vow that I *would* succeed, if for no other purpose than to let this man, who had taken it upon himself to criticise me, see that I was not the weak inefficient creature he thought me.

We went up the steps in silence, and my companion rang the bell. The door opened noiselessly, and he stood aside for me to enter. I bowed coldly, without looking up, and went in, he following me. It flashed upon me all at once that this John Cleaveland was one of the "committee."

We were ushered into a great ghostly room, smelling of damp and must. A line of straight high-backed chairs was drawn up against the wall, and four of them were occupied by "candidates." I think they were the most thoroughly frightened-looking quartet I ever beheld. I will also be candid enough to confess that only my temper kept me from outdoing the rest in that respect.

The committee, three in number, sat in the centre of the room beside a great square baize-covered table, on which were piled half a dozen formidable-looking books, with writing materials beside them.

The examination began, not of each separately, as I had supposed, but of all together as a class, the committee taking turns in asking questions. I shall never forget the chairman of that committee. He was supernaturally tall and thin, with a closely-shaven face, and overhanging brows of dusky blackness, from under which looked out a pair of keen alert eyes, that had a habit of growing as he gazed at one into two bright and terribly distinct interrogation points. It was the Rev. Simon Appleton, of the Acton First Parish, as I afterward learned.

This gentleman informed us that there were four more applicants, and when all had had a hearing, the one who, in the opinion of the committee, had passed the most satisfactory examination, would be immediately notified. There was nothing more to be said, and one by one we arose and glided out, like a procession of unshrived ghosts.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed one of the number, as we gained the street, "the long agony is over. Talk about the Inquisition and the Council of Ten! They needn't take the trouble to 'notify' *me*. I wouldn't live in daily dread of a visit from that 'committee' to save the whole rising generation from utter barbarism! Count me *out*, girls." And, with a nod to the others and a little ripple of gay laughter, she ran lightly across the street, and into a bit of a brown cottage whose windows were all aglow with scarlet geraniums and white and purple petunias.

Two days afterward I received a letter from the Rev. Mr. Appleton, wherein he informed me, very briefly, that I was the successful candidate for the post of teacher in the Acton Centre Intermediate School, and I would please hold myself in readiness to enter on my duties the second week in May.

With the letter in my hand, I sought my mother and sister, and communicated its contents. Of course I was blamed and upbraided for the course I had taken. Mother was sure there was no necessity for such a step. Hadn't we a thousand dollars in the bank, which we could draw upon if necessary? And then, what did I know about teaching school? Besides, it was so far away, and it would make me ill, and then what would become of us?

Here she broke down and cried, and wished we had stayed in the city with our friends, as they had asked us; it would have been so much easier and pleasanter. We never could make anything of "this old place," and the sooner we gave it up and went back the better.

"But, mother," I said, resolutely, "I am *not* going to give it up at all. Mr. Gordon says that in my grandfather's day it was reckoned well worth five thousand

dollars; and all it wants is improvement to make it even more valuable. Do you think I will leave this, and be a dependant on somebody's charity? Never! It is my patrimony, and I am resolved—"

A very decided rap on the door, which stood open, made me pause suddenly and look up. John Cleaveland stood on the broad flagstone, a faint shade of embarrassment on his usually cool face.

"Pardon me," he said, "but I had rapped twice before."

I felt my face grow hot, partly from the thought that he must have overheard our conversation, and partly from the peculiar look I saw in his eyes, as he let them rest a moment on my perturbed face. "He is doubtless speculating on my temper," I said to myself, savagely. I was also annoyed and irritated that he should have heard so much of our family affairs.

"I called, Miss Clifton, at the request of Mr. Appleton," he said, quietly. "You accept the situation, do you not?"

"I should not have gone through the farce of an application if I had not been ready to do so," I replied, quickly. I had not regained my composure, and could not divest myself of the impression that he was secretly amused at the fact.

"No, I know you would not," he said, in a sort of grave thoughtful way. "Well, now in regard to the salary. We have heretofore paid teachers in that department thirty-six dollars a month; this year we shall give forty, provided, of course, that you do not object," he added, with a quick glance at my eager face. But he did not smile, yet there was a look in his face that I did not understand, and which irritated me.

Indeed, I never felt at ease in this man's presence. I knew that I was constantly presenting my weakest and most unamiable side to him, and I was vexed at *him* for it. I wished that he would keep out of my sight, and that I had never seen him, and a score more of similar things. Of one thing I was positive: I disliked him utterly and entirely, and always should. I was a firm believer in first impressions, and had he not angered me at the outset? Tom Allen might laud him to the skies if he liked, *I* should detest him all the same.

"About the matter of transportation," he proceeded, in his easy nonchalant way, "as I presume you would like to board with your family. The coach is too late for you; besides, it is often crowded, and goes over half the town, taking up passengers. I fancy your time will be too much taken up for mere *pleasure*-riding,"—and he smiled in an amused way;—"and so I have another plan to suggest, namely: Mr. Livingston, who lives on the hill yonder" (pointing across a sunny little intervale, golden with cowslips, to a softly-rounded hill, whereon stood a charmingly old house, the walls of gray stone almost hidden by wandering vines, it was said, in summer-time), "is an attorney, having an office at the Centre. He goes up every morning about eight o'clock, and returns somewhere from four to six at night. I am of the opinion he would carry you at a trifling expense, if you have no better arrangement in view."

"Thank you," I said, more cordially than I had ever spoken to him before.

"O, it is not I, but our worthy chairman to whom you are indebted for this suggestion," he answered, carelessly.

"Indeed! I might have known—" I began, and stopped short in confusion.

"That it was not mine?" he said, laughing. "You doubtless think *I* should have proposed to take you myself."

"Only that you 'don't carry people for pay,'" I retorted.

His cool face flushed suddenly, and he turned half away. Then, raising his hat with ceremonious politeness, he said "good-evening," and walked leisurely away.

"What a magnificent-looking man your Mr. Cleaveland is!" Alice said, watching him as he went down the lane.

"*My* Mr. Cleaveland!" I exclaimed, indignantly. "I am sure I don't see what I have to do with him more than you. I think him the most disagreeable man I ever met."

Alice laughed softly, in such a provoking way!

"Dilly, my dear," my mother said, reprovingly, "I am afraid you were a little rude to Mr. Cleaveland. It is not at all like you to be irritable and ill-tempered. You remember Tom Allen praised him highly; and I should be sorry for you to be rude to a friend of his. Indeed, I should be sorry for my daughter to be rude to any one," she added, with a sort of gentle pride.

It was not at all like me to do so, but I did—I broke into a little hysterical fit of weeping; and then my mother put her arms about me, and kissed me and petted me in her sweet graceful fashion till I laughed, and declared myself "cured." I believe I even went further, and made some excuse for my conduct, to the effect that I had been feeling so anxious about getting this school, and about her and Alice's opposition to my plans, that I had got nervous, I supposed. But I carefully avoided any reference to John Cleaveland in any way.

I could not have taken a more politic course if I had studied a lifetime, though I did not think of it till afterward. My mother and Alice made no further objections to my plans; indeed, they went further, and developed a cordial interest in my prospective duties; and that evening went up and called on Mr. Livingston, in regard to the "transportation" business, my mother saying that it would be more proper for her to do so. It seemed so strange for her to be careful on my account—I, who for nearly a year now had had the full care and management of both family and financial affairs!

Mr. Livingston drove my mother and Alice home in his pretty basket-phaeton through the soft April dusk. I went out to the steps to meet them. He came forward and offered his hand, with such frank and open cordiality that I felt as much at ease as if I had known him all my life.

"I suppose we may as well be getting acquainted, Miss Clifton," he said, laughingly, "since it has got to be done sooner or later. I only hope you will be as pleased with the arrangement your mother and myself have made as I am."

"Then it is arranged, and you will take me?" I said, eagerly. "You are sure it is not going to inconvenience you too much, because—"

"Stop! Miss Clifton," he interrupted, with a comical look of alarm, "there is to be no backing out on your part—haven't you just given me your hand on it? As for the 'inconvenience,' you shall compensate me by gratuitous lessons on 'parts of speech' as we go along."

"If you will promise to be a diligent pupil," I answered, laughingly.

"Trust me for that!" he exclaimed, gayly. "I make a 'specialty,' as horticulturists say, of that particular branch of science."

He tarried some little time, talking in his easy cordial way, and making us all like him by the genial heartiness and friendliness of his manner.

"Well," I said, after he had gone, "I think it's worth while coming to Acton, if only to know Mr. Livingston."

"And Mr. Cleaveland," added Alice, demurely.

I did not deign to reply, but I felt the blood rush to my face, and felt hot, and angry, and uncomfortable, and wished the thought or mention of John Cleaveland might never intrude upon me again so long as I lived.

As April faded into May, and the new creation unfolded its wonderful marvel of life from death, I think we all felt as if we were under some mysterious spell of enchantment, everything was so strange, and new, and beautiful to us. How charming the old place grew under the magical fingers of the sunshine and the soft spring rain! How thick the willows grew with their delicate golden-green fringes, and how ridiculously swollen were the buds on every tree, and shrub, and bush! Under the front windows was a wide border where were all manner of old-fashioned flowers waking into life—lilies, pinks, daffodils, columbine, flower-de-luce, and a host beside, which were a constant subject for speculation to Harry and myself.

I was feeling altogether easy about Harry now. There was a lovely fresh color in his cheeks, and he had gained considerably both in flesh and strength. It is true, I was sometimes startled by that same peculiar cough which had been the herald of my father's fatal illness, but it was at such rare intervals that I persuaded myself there was no real cause for uneasiness; and as neither mother nor Alice seemed to notice it, I tried to believe that my own morbid anxiety magnified the danger.

Tom Allen came out and stayed a few days, making arrangements for me about the farmwork, which was to be let on shares to a Mr. Gordon living in the neighborhood, and who had worked on the farm when a boy for my grandfather. This Gordon—Sam Gordon, his name was—believed in Willow-Brook Farm as religiously as he did in the catechism, and I was his

most devout disciple. Our enthusiasm, Mr. Livingston declared, was the "most simple and touching thing he had ever witnessed."

Mr. Livingston had fallen into the habit of dropping in upon us in the most neighborly and informal manner; and though I rode to the Centre with him each morning and returned with him, if he was through business in good season (otherwise I took the coach), still, the day seemed incomplete and unsatisfactory if he did not run in for a moment in the evening. I think we all grew to feel in this way—to expect him, and to feel disappointed if he did not come, though Alice pretended indifference, and ridiculed our "infatuation," as she called it.

It was the week before my summer vacation began;—how well I remember everything connected with that day, even to the peculiar oppressiveness of the thick languorous atmosphere which had hung like a leaden weight upon my spirits all day. It was precisely twenty-five minutes to three—I can see the exact position of the hands on the great dial-plate to this moment—when a low firm rap on the inner schoolroom door caused me to look hastily up. John Cleaveland was standing just outside, but came slowly forward when I looked up. The first feeling was one of vexation that he should come this, of all days—for I supposed he came, of course, to visit the school—when I was looking and feeling ill and worn out. But as he came toward me, something in the expression of his face changed the whole current of my feelings. There was in it such a look of infinite tenderness, pity and pain, that I cried out, involuntarily:

"O Mr. Cleaveland! what is it?"

He took my hands, which were cold and trembling, between his strong firm palms a moment, and placed me quietly in a seat. Then he told the scholars very briefly that Miss Clifton's mother had sent for her to come home, and they could be dismissed. I heard it all in a vague way, as one hears in a dream, and then I realized that we were alone. Something about that thought sent the blood—that had seemed congealing about my heart—to my face, and even to my finger-tips, with a fierce sudden bound that almost took my breath away.

"Is it about Harry?" I asked then, more quietly than I thought I could speak.

"Yes," he said, coming and standing by my chair. "But there is no cause for alarm now—at least there is no immediate peril. Harry has had an attack of hemorrhage, but is comfortable, and the doctor does not consider it very serious, *as yet*."

I did not faint, I did not cry out, but I think the agony in my heart stamped itself on my face, for my companion's grew strangely white as he turned and walked to the door, for an instant. I have a distinct remembrance of his bringing me my hat and shawl, and of his wrapping the latter about me carefully and tenderly, but I seemed somehow to have lost all care or thought of myself; I could think only of *him* — my bright handsome young brother, whom I loved better than my own life.

I do not remember that anything was said during the half hour we were driving to the farm. I could not talk, and my companion instinctively understood, and was silent. But as we came in sight of the house, he turned to me, and said, firmly:

"Miss Clifton, till you can command yourself, I shall consider it my duty to your brother to keep you away from Willow-Brook. There is helplessness and inefficiency enough there already."

"Mr. Cleaveland," I exclaimed, fiercely, "keep me away from my brother, if you dare!" And I half rose from the seat. He put out his hand and drew me down again, and for the first time, I think, in all our acquaintance, our eyes fairly met. Mine, I knew, were almost wild with pain, and grief, and anger, but his I could not understand. I felt the strength and power in them, however, and knew that he was master. His face was graver than I had ever seen it, and I thought sterner.

"I dare do what is right, Miss Clifton," he said, quietly; "and it is *not* right to add another element of weakness where calmness and courage are so imperatively demanded. O, why will you persist in misunderstanding me always?" he added, in a sharp intense voice.

"Pardon me," I said, gently. "I did not mean to be rude or unreasonable, but it came so suddenly—this blow to my dearest hopes—that it was not an easy thing to command myself. But I see the necessity of it—and you can trust me now?" I asked, humbly.

"Most implicitly!" he answered, with

such confident heartiness that it gave me new faith in my own strength.

I will not dwell on the need there was of some one to be brave, and calm, and efficient during those first few terrible days of grief and dread. My mother was utterly prostrated, physically and mentally, and I was forced to exclude her altogether from Harry's presence, as she could not—or did not—control either her speech or her emotions in the smallest degree; and excitement, in the critical state he was in, was simply murderous.

Alice, on the other hand, shrank from any contact with pain, or suffering, or care, constitutionally. I believe I have not mentioned that my sister was very beautiful, and very attractive, with a certain power or charm about her that some people call fascination. I had been proud of the beauty and grace of my younger sister all my life, and had rejoiced in her social successes; but we were so radically unlike in temperament, tastes and habits, that there was not that perfect sympathy between us which I would have liked. Alice was made for "society," while to me the whole thing was simply "vanity and vexation of spirit." With a nature that hungered for love and tenderness, I had a strong will, a sensitive independence, and a certain indomitableness that would not yield—to which difficulty was but another name for opportunity, and opposition the surest incentive to effort.

And so, being so differently constituted, I do not take it as any merit that I was able to do for Harry what Alice could not do. She liked sunshine and soft airs, luxury and ease, and, like certain flowers, only blossomed in the sunlight. I, on the contrary, needed the strengthening tonic of adverse winds to fully develop my capabilities and quicken my thoughts.

While Harry's condition was considered critical I do not think I knew what discouragement or fatigue meant. I would not yield to them—I must not, I knew, if I would save him, and that was the one absorbing thought and desire of my life. Everything else faded into a dim and vague insignificance before this one great wish of my heart. It was not till the great peril was lifted, and he was able to walk out, that my mind came back to other interests and hopes. I had realized through all the kindness and attention of Mr. Livingston, but as my heart grew lighter it also grew more grateful and tender toward him. I hardly know how I could have gone through those first few days had it not been for his thoughtful kindness in a score of ways. I was thinking it all over, and thinking particularly of something he had said to me that evening.

It had happened in this wise: I was suffering from a severe headache, and looked forlorn and wretched enough to excite any one's sympathy, I dare say. I was leaning against the window-sill as he came up to the house. I knew he had come to take Alice out for a drive; he had done it nearly every day since Harry had been ill, and I felt as grateful to him for this as for anything, for she had quite recovered her usual bright spirits and bright looks.

"My dear little girl," he said, laying his hand caressingly on my drooping head, "you have had a hard time of it, but you have been so brave! Do you know, little Dilly, that you are my exact ideal of a heroine?"

He had always been gentle, and in a certain way affectionate; it was in his nature to be; but he had never spoken to me like this before, and had never called me "Dilly." I felt ill and weak, and, like every other woman who is a real woman, felt a hungry longing for love and tenderness. I had never analyzed my feelings towards Ray Livingston; our relations had been so pleasant always that I had felt altogether content that they should continue unchanged. But his words suggested new thoughts and new possibilities, and I could not answer him with my old ease, and so was silent altogether. After a little pause he added, with more embarrassment than I had ever seen him manifest:

"You must not think of taking up that school business again. I have a *right* now to say this much."

Alice came out at this moment, and they went down the steps together. How beautiful she was! I thought I had never seen her look so lovely before, and as they rode slowly down through the green shadowed lane, the sunset light wrapping them in a warm bright glow, I felt a faint pang of bitterness stir in my heart. But it was only momentary, and my mind went back over Ray Livingston's words and tones, and I tried to understand my own heart, and could not. And, as if to confuse me

still more, I kept making little involuntary comparisons between him and John Cleaveland, which only vexed me, because I did not wish to think of Mr. Cleaveland at all.

It was one of those stirless summer nights when nature seems taking a siesta. Harry was in mother's room, and I stepped out softly, and went down through the dusk and the silence to a little rustic arbor under the willows. I had scarcely sat down when a quick firm step broke the stillness, and looking through the trees, I easily distinguished the form of John Cleaveland; indeed, I knew it was he, even before that, though I hardly can explain how I knew. I suppose he saw my light dress, for he came to the edge of the path, and asked if he might venture into the "new garden of Eden."

"I came up about the school," he said, coming and leaning against one of the trees. "The vacation will end in two weeks, and a teacher must be provided. I had—I mean we had heard nothing from you personally, though Mr. Livingston has informed us that you will not teach longer. I do not question his authority,"—he said this very icily—"but choose, nevertheless, your personal confirmation."

"I shall not teach if you do not want me, of course," I said, feeling grieved and angry, and altogether wretched.

"Want you!" he exclaimed, sharply. "Have I ever given you cause to say this to me, Miss Clifton?"

I knew that he had not, and I was ashamed and sorry, for it came to me all at once, his kindness and helpfulness—the exact help I needed—at a time when I had needed it so sorely. What could he think of me, save to pity or despise me?

The quick light whirr of carriage wheels broke a silence that was becoming unbearable. I drew a breath of relief as I saw Mr. Livingston and Alice riding up the lane. They came into a slow walk as they neared us, and, all unconscious of our proximity, they continued their conversation.

"There is no reason for a day's delay," he was saying, very earnestly. "I can help you then as I cannot now. It will be easier, financially, for your family, and I will be a faithful son and brother to them all, for your sake, my darling! I am going to ask Dilly, who is always sensible and prompt, to help me convince you," he said, with a soft laugh.

I do not think I ever came so near what people call "hysterics," before or since, as I did then. My physical and nervous system were overwrought, and the sudden discovery of the cause of all Mr. Livingston's friendship to our family made me for an instant giddy and faint with pain. And I had been weak enough only two hours before to fancy he cared for me! "As if any one could do that in his senses!" I said, bitterly, to myself, feeling my own lack of beauty, and grace, and accomplishments as I had never felt it before. And *he* saw it all—all my pain and humiliation, and was pitying me. He, of all men in the world! It seemed for a moment as if I should go wild. I think it was the look of pain and pity in my companion's face that restored me to my senses. It roused my pride, for I knew he thought my emotion wholly caused by this chance discovery of Mr. Livingston's love for my sister, and that he had in some way deceived me, and won my love only to cast it heartlessly aside. And I—I could not explain an affair like this to make any one understand—and to *him!* Well, he might think what he chose; why should I care what he might believe? And yet I did care, in spite of my will or reason; and as I went over the whole subject again and again, this troubled me most sorely of all.

The next day Mr. Livingston came over very early, and in his frank easy way told his story, and asked for the family sanction. Of course it was granted, for had he not seemed like one of us always? And when I thought of it more, the only wonder I felt was that I had not foreseen it from the outset. And if I had any vague regret or sense of loss at first, it faded quietly out in the genial air of tender brotherly interest and affection he continually manifested toward me.

It was a very quiet affair—my sister's marriage—and not at all to her taste; but Harry was so delicate, none of us was willing for her to go away. And so she went quietly to her husband's house, and I prepared to take up my school duties again, though Ray strongly protested against it, and got almost angry at my "stubbornness," as he called it.

It was the early part of the last week of the vacation. I was getting restless and

uneasy, and longed for the commencement to come. I wanted to get my mind off myself a little, for, disguise it as I might, I knew I was nervous, or morbid, or something which made me unlike my former self. I was thinking it all over, and wondering if I should ever again feel quite as strong and hopeful as I had felt last spring. It seemed such a very long time ago that I came to Willow-Brook!

"Dilly dear, are you there?" came suddenly, in a strange stifled whisper from Harry's room.

I sprang to my feet instantly; I knew so well what it meant; I had heard that strange gurgling whisper once before—could I ever mistake or forget its terrible import?

I cannot, even now, dwell on that dreadful time, bringing back as it did so vividly my father's last hours, without something of the fierce anguish I suffered at that time.

"Dilly," he whispered, clinging to my hand, "it is very hard to leave you—I love you so! And the world is so beautiful," his eyes turning wistfully toward the open window where the sunshine lay in a yellow flood, "and I am so young!"

I heard a quiet step in the room, and looking up, saw John Cleaveland close beside me. I put out my hand, and he clasped it in silence. A faint smile trembled across Harry's face, and he whispered, softly:

"It is all right, Dilly. I am—going—home." His voice and breath going out together, and only the smile remaining.

Ray and Alice came to the farm for a while, it was so lonely. Ray said it was "no use to think of my school any more, there was no need of it, and it was my duty to stay at home." Duty! Yes, it was always that for me. I wondered, in a vague way, if, by any possibility, I owed any duty to myself.

Mr. Cleaveland came in the first of the week to say that the school would wait a week or two for me, if I felt as if I could go on.

"Cleaveland," Mr. Livingston exclaimed, quite warmly, "why do you haunt Dilly with your paltry school? Have you no consideration at all for her?"

John Cleaveland's calm face flushed suddenly, and then grew very white.

"I think Miss Clifton *needs* to do this, Mr. Livingston," he said, firmly; "yet she shall choose for herself. What do you say?" he asked, turning abruptly to me.

"If I could consult my own personal wishes, I should certainly go on with the school," I said, quickly. "But if it is my duty to give it up, that decides the matter."

"We shall depend on you to teach the school, Miss Clifton," he replied, in a tone of quiet decision. "The vacation will be extended two weeks." And bowing quietly and coolly, he withdrew.

"Really, this interference is unwarrantable," Ray declared, indignantly. "I do not wonder you dislike him, Dilly."

"I used to think he was a gentleman," my mother said, in an aggrieved way, "but he has no regard for my feelings at all—he doesn't seem to even think of *me*."

"It does seem odd that one should think of *my* needing any change of scene or diversion of thought," I said.

"There! that is just like Dilly!" Alice exclaimed. "If we say three words more against John Cleaveland, she will be irrevocably in love with him."

I felt my face grow hot, and not caring for them to see, I ran up to my room. I could hide it from others—that my pride helped me to do—but I could no longer hide it from myself. I did love John Cleaveland, and against my will, my reason, and my determination! I had tried my best to hate him—I really believed at one time that I did hate him—and this was the end! And I had always held such very high notions about this matter. No woman of sense or delicacy would ever give her love unsought, I had maintained. And this was the end of that also.

I went up in the coach quite frequently after the fall term began, and sometimes I walked home. Alice liked to drive in with Mr. Livingston, and when his business admitted it, they rode about the outlying country, often returning home by quite another route. On one of these occasions I had missed the coach, and there was no other way but to walk. It was one of those gray dreary autumnal days so common in November. It had been thickening all day, and the wind was raw and damp, with an occasional sprinkle of rain. I was unusually tired, and, though I made all the haste I could, I had got but little more than half way home when the storm broke with sudden fierceness. I looked

about me despairingly. There was no house near, and the wind and rain made locomotion almost impossible. To my infinite relief I saw a close carriage approaching. I resolved to appeal to his humanity, whoever he might be, to turn about and take me home. But I had no need; for the carriage stopped, a man sprang out, lifted me in his arms, and put me in the carriage, before I had fairly got breath.

"O Mr. Cleaveland!" I exclaimed, with a little hysterical sob, "I am so glad!"

"Are you?" he asked, looking down in my face. "Then *I* am. I was not sure you would ride with me when I found you."

"But did you come to find me?—how did you know that I—"

"How did I know!" he interrupted. "As if I had not thought of you all this dismal afternoon, and watched for you in vain when the coach came in! I waited as long as I could endure it, and then started to find you. I saw Livingston and your sister come home soon after dinner." I knew he was looking at me sharply when he said this, and I knew of what he was thinking, and it irritated me.

"Mr. Cleaveland," I said, hastily, "I would like to correct an impression you have somehow got. It—it is about Ray." I hardly knew how to go on, now that I had begun.

"Well, what about him?" he asked, not moving his eyes from my face.

"You think I was in love with him, and that he jilted me for my sister, because she was more beautiful and attractive; and you feel a sort of lofty pity for my forlorn condition. I dare say that is why you came after me to-day."

His face grew suddenly white and stern.

"I wish to Heaven it was!" he exclaimed, bitterly, "since I am so utterly unbearable to you."

I knew he would think me weak and silly, but if my life had depended, I could not have helped it. I broke down and cried as if my heart would break.

He put his arm about me, and drew me to him in a sort of fierce clasp.

"Why will you persist in misunderstanding me, Dilly Clifton!" he exclaimed, passionately. "I, who would give my life to save you an instant of pain or sorrow! I know you don't want to hear it," he went on, in a rapid intense voice, "but I *must* tell you now—you have made me do it in very self-defence! You remember the night I brought you to Willow-Brook? Well, ever since that night I have struggled to overcome my love for you, because I saw how strongly you disliked me. I have resolved scores of times never to trouble you with a presence so distasteful to you, and yet, understanding your peculiar nature well enough to see the kind of help you have needed at certain times, I could not refrain from giving it, though I believe I almost always have angered you in so doing."

"But it was because I thought you pitied my weakness, or despised me for my temper," I interrupted. "I could not bear your contempt with indifference."

"Dilly!"—and he bent his face close to mine—"*why* did you care? Tell me!"

"I shall not!" I exclaimed, struggling to get free.

"But you shall!—and now, this very moment! Do you think I am going to be put off by any sort of a subterfuge? I am too much in earnest for dallying."

And, as it had been from the first, so it was now. I yielded, and he got his answer; an answer that I was as glad to give as he to receive, perhaps, after all.

"It is just the thing I intended," Tom Allen said, complacently, when he came out to our wedding at New Year's. "John Cleaveland is the only man I ever knew who I thought could manage Dilly," he said, laughingly, to my mother; "or whom I thought to be worthy of her," he added, in an undertone, to me. He always had a foolish partiality for me—perhaps because I loved the dear honest fellow so warmly and thoroughly.

Willow-Brook Farm is, John and I think, the dearest and brightest place on the globe; and no day goes by but in my happy heart I bless the memory of him who so thoughtfully, and, I think, providentially, left me this dear old homestead for MY PATRIMONY.

WILL SHE MARRY HIM?

BY FLORENCE MARRYAT, AUTHOR OF "AN UNFORTUNATE MATCH," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXII.

"OPEN SESAME."

THE flirtation between Bulwer and Alice progresses satisfactorily, and the *denouement* is expected daily. Little Arthur has sickened with the measles, which keeps his mother in attendance on him in the nursery; and Mr. O'Connor has returned to Ballybroogan. But Captain Staunton still lingers on at Castle Valence, and Everil is thrown so much in his company, that she has begun to regard their constant meetings almost with indifference.

"I don't care for that story," she says one day as she returns a novel to him.

"What fault do you find with it, Lady Valence?"

"It is immoral—grossly so. The woman had married with her eyes open. What right had she afterwards to quarrel with her condition?"

"The right of love. Has love no rights? You used to say it was all-powerful."

She has no answer ready. She turns away without speaking.

"I have another novel I am very anxious you should read. Here it is," continues Maurice Staunton, offering the book to her.

"I don't wish to read any more, thank you. I am rather tired of them."

"Only this one. It treats of a subject which I know will deeply interest you. By the way, how is Lord Valence's health?"

"*Lord Valence's health!*" She starts, for a moment really not comprehending the allusion.

"Yes; it was so indifferent, you may remember, at the time you married. Is it improved?"

"Greatly improved." She says the words steadily, though she knows they are not true. "Cannot you see it for yourself?"

"I confess I have not observed much difference; and, from Mrs. West's account, I was led to fear that I was correct."

"O, what *did* she say?" cries the countess, eagerly.

"Only the old story. But you should know best, of course. What a relief the improvement in his lordship's condition must be to you!"

She does not note his sarcasm. All she aims at is to deaden, by the sophistry of an unconscious love, the pang he has raised in her heart.

"He is not really ill. I assure you he is not. Agatha always tries to make him out worse than he is, and I think she encourages him in the belief. But he eats and drinks well, as any one can see. And he takes plenty of exercise; and—and—"

"Don't let me distress you. I am so sorry I spoke," says Maurice Staunton, coldly. His voice recalls her to herself. She remembers *to whom* she is speaking, and, with a sudden look of pride, she takes the book which he has placed beneath her hand, and withdraws from his presence.

Lady Valence has a headache that evening—an unaccountable headache, that has sprung no one knows whence, and renders her incapable of appearing at dinner. Every one who has a right to do so appears in turn to demand the reason of her defection; but she only confesses herself languid and heavy, and disinclined to move; says jestingly she thinks she is sickening for the measles, and sends them away as perplexed as when they came. Agatha is angry, declares it is all nonsense, and she could appear at the dinner-table perfectly well if she chose. Alice hangs about her for a few minutes with a red face, and suggests that "Mr. Bulwer will be *so* disappointed" if she doesn't join them in the evening. Only Lord Valence, after the first brief inquiry, does not express an opinion either way, except to beg that she will please herself. So she pleases herself by sitting in her dressing-room, loosely attired, perusing the novel which Staunton has lent her, and which (notwithstanding her asseverations to the contrary) proved so interesting, from the few glances she cast between its pages, that she is fain to read it through. At first the story simply attracts her attention; next, she is struck with its wonderful similarity to her own case; then her eyes become riveted on the pages, and her mind absorbed with curiosity to learn the end of

the narrative. It is the history of a man and a woman (what history is there one could write, to prove interesting, that did not contain a man and a woman to poison or bless the existence of each other?) thrown together, as she was thrown with Maurice Staunton, ignorant that any obstacle existed to their becoming lovers. They are at the height and fervor of their feeling—they have grown so necessary to each other's happiness that nothing but death seems capable of parting them, when they receive the shock of the knowledge that the woman's father is a bankrupt, and must sell his daughter to the highest bidder. The man is poor, the lovers are torn asunder, and the woman is married to a wealthy old and feeble suitor. The lover whispers courage to her. "Be strong, my friend—be patient. This cannot last forever. The time must come when our affection will be rewarded—when you shall again be free." But the prophecy is not fulfilled. His new condition agrees with the old man; he revives again, becomes rejuvenated, and threatens to maintain his rights for an unlimited number of years.

The lovers, after the French fashion, continue to hold secret assignations with one another; but this is not sufficient for their happiness—they want to enjoy the old husband's wealth publicly and together. At last one day, when they have been discussing their mutual misfortunes, the man insinuates how easy it is to make Fate succumb to our inclinations. He argues the point sophistically and well, and he ends by drawing a small vial from his pocket. "How strange," he continues, "it is to think, my friend, that a few drops of this harmless-looking liquid, placed in his drink or food, should have the power to take away the life of a man with such subtlety, as to render detection next to impossible. What wonderful discoveries this age has brought us!"

He says no more, but he leaves the vial behind him on the table. When night comes, and the wretched woman is querulously demanded by her old husband to rise and get him something to drink, the temptation comes to her to empty the contents of the vial into his glass. She does so hastily, allowing herself no time to think, and with a trembling hand carries the fatal draught into his bedchamber. She approaches the bedside—withdraws the curtain—gives one look at the old man's face—a scream—and the glass falls from her hand, and is dashed to atoms on the floor. Her husband has died in her absence; it is a corpse that lies before her!

The would-be murderess is free, and the romance ends with the clash of wedding-bells and the reward of virtue.

* * * * * * *

Everil has finished the recital. The book has fallen from her hand—it lies upon the ground at her feet. The evening has faded into night; but she has read it with locked doors, and no one has gained admittance to her solitude. Agatha and Alice have passed by on their way to bed, and whispered their good wishes and good-nights through the keyhole. She has heard the gentlemen go noisily up stairs; her maid has knocked, and been summarily dismissed. She has had no wish for any companion but her own thoughts.

This tale—this terrible tale—how it has affected her! How her cheeks have burned with shame as she divined the miserable heroine's motives, and followed her career! How her heart has beat with eagerness to learn whether her good angel would triumph over her bad angel, or what would be the punishment to follow her guilty love! And then, the end—the sickening end—when she went to her lover's arms with hands which, but for the interposition of Providence, might have been red with her husband's blood! As Everil ponders on the plot of the tale she has just read—on its false sentiment, its loose morality, and unevenhanded justice, she feels she has lowered herself by perusing it. What right, she asks angrily, had Maurice Staunton to place such a book within her hands?

But here an awful sense of sickness overpowers her, as she recalls the conversation that took place between them on the day they parted, and remembers how she then permitted him to comment on her future husband's slender chance of life, without rebuke! What was it that he said on that occasion? *That he should wait.* For what? For Valence's death?

Ah!—

As the thought strikes her, the cry that accompanies it would have been heard in an ordinary-sized house from basement to attic. But Castle Valence is built after so rambling and solid a fashion, that a woman's voice had need be loud to penetrate its

walls even from one room to another. But with that cry all Everil's look of thought and contemplation has vanished. Her face becomes pained and restless—she leaves her chair, and paces up and down her room like a caged animal.

For Valence's death! Every other consideration—every other feeling is for the moment swallowed up in that!

Valence's death!—Valence gone!—Valence hidden away in the silent grave—and she, left here *alone* without him—without her love! her darling!—her dear, dear husband!

The truth is out at last! Everil is looking on her own heart, bared and defenceless, and can see the treasures scattered there.

* * * * * * *

It will be remembered that, in the old story, familiar to all of us, of the "Forty Thieves," when Ali Baba goes up to the rock, and pronounces the magic words of "*Open sesame,*" the door flies open. "Ali Baba expected to find only a dark and gloomy cave, and was much astonished at seeing a large, spacious, well-lighted room. He observed in it numerous bales of rich merchandise, a store of silk stuffs and brocade, rich and valuable carpets, and, besides all this, large quantities of money, both silver and gold. At the sight of all these things it seemed to him that this cave must have been used not only for years, but for centuries."

This is a picture of her feelings. At that cry of horror at the prospect of the death she thought she could contemplate with equanimity, the door of her heart flies open, and instead of the dark, desponding receptacle she supposed it to be, she sees a warm, loving, womanly spirit, filled with the treasures of faith, and hope, and charity—treasures which, to judge from their accumulation, must have lain there for some time—and only longing to fly to its kindred soul to gain the rest it sighs for. That book, placed in her hand with no such noble purpose, has proved the "Open Sesame" to her heart.

Everil loves her husband!

As the astonishing truth, overwhelming from its suddenness, dawns on her mind, how much she hates the thought of Maurice Staunton!

He gave her that tale to read, knowing the moral it contained, believing it would interest and please her! What did he mean? What could he have intended to insinuate? Does he think she has fallen so low as to be able to live with Valence as his daily companion and his wife, and still wish to compass his death? *Still!* could she *ever* have harbored so base a thought? She covers her face with both her hands at the idea. O! she is unworthy of him—unworthy of all his confidence and care. She will go at once—this very minute—and fall at his feet, and tell him everything—*everything!* This night shall not pass without a full confession. And then, when Valence knows all her weakness and her sin, and sees how penitent she is, perhaps he will take her in her arms, and let her love him for the little—sobbingly—the little time that is left!

* * * * * * *

With Everil all is impulse. She must have what she requires at the moment, or she no longer cares for it. From her childhood she has been indulged in this foible, until it has grown into a habit with her; the spoilt and petted heiress has never known what it is to *wait;* and now that her heart is clamoring for relief she gratifies its instinct.

She therefore leaves her room, careless where the pursuit of her strong desires may lead her, and walks almost blindly into the next, which is her bedchamber. But it is deserted and still. Valence has evidently not yet sought its solitude. She glances at her watch—all in the same eager, hurried way; it points to a quarter past one! Her husband must be in the library. Everil has never approached that door after dark since the night she was repulsed from its threshold by the behaviour of her husband and his sister-in-law; but she does not heed that circumstance. Had the thought that Agatha might be there even now flashed across her mind, it would not have the power to stay her footsteps. A mighty determination to tell Valence *all*—to let him know the worst—has seized her; and she would make the atonement in the presence of twenty witnesses if it were impossible to gain him alone.

She passes out into the corridor, which feels chill and lonely—wraps a shawl, which she has hurriedly thrown on, more closely round her shoulders, and makes her way towards her husband's private apartment. The door is locked as usual. She rattles fiercely at the handle. He calls out

from within, as though starting from a revery, "Who is there?"

"It is I, Valence! It is Everil. Do let me in."

"*You!*" he exclaims, as she hears the voice come nearer. "Why, what is the matter? Are you ill?"

"No! no! but I must come in. I want to speak to you. Valence! pray open the door!"

"I would rather not. You have heard me say that before. Go to bed, my dear! It will not be long before I go myself."

"But, Valence! O! for God's sake, listen to me! I have something to say. I cannot rest until I have seen and spoken to you!"

"Something to say?" and as he echoes her words he unlocks the door and stands before her. "What can you have to say that will not wait until to-morrow?"

"It has waited too long—too long already," she answers, as she throws herself into his arms. "O Valence! my Valence! *I love you!*"

CHAPTER XXIII.

"I WILL TELL YOU ALL."

To say that the earl is astonished is to say little. A dozen conflicting emotions pass rapidly over his countenance as he closes his arms about the form of his wife, and holds her firmly to him. His fair face flushes and turns pale; his delicate features work with agitation; his limbs tremble as though he had the ague; yet all is silence between them. Everil is sobbing violently, and in the darkness (for the library is unlighted, except for the moonbeams straying through the painted windows), they stand together, united at last, though scarcely able to comprehend the blessedness of being so.

"Let me light the lamp, dearest," whispers Valence, as soon as he can command his voice to speak.

"No! no! let us remain in the dark. I have so much to tell you, so much to confess. Let me say it as I stand here in the dark."

"There is no need to stand," he answers gently, as he draws her towards a sofa, and places himself by her side. She feels his breath drawing nearer to her face. She knows he is about to seal his pardon beforehand on her lips, and, shrinking from the contact, slides downward until she rests upon the floor at his feet.

"Why, Everil, what is this?"

"My proper place, Valence, and I will not quit it till you have heard everything. O, you do not know how vile—how wicked I have been?"

Had the room been lighted then, she would have seen his face grow anxious and more sad.

"This is a grave accusation, Everil! I think you must be exaggerating matters."

"Indeed, indeed, I am not; but I will tell you all. I came here for no other purpose."

"Kiss me first, dearest! Tell me that you love me, again, first!"

She cannot resist the pleading tone. She throws her arms about his neck, and half smothers him in her impetuous embrace as she keeps on exclaiming, "I love you! I love you!"

"I could not help it," she says, half apologetically, when it is over, "and it may be for the last time, Valence! When you married me you thought that I was at least free to accept your affection. I was not."

"Poor darling!" he says, compassionately, as he strokes her hair. "I almost feared so. How I must have made you suffer!"

"I was not free to marry any honorable man, because I had given my heart away to a worthless fortune-hunter, not worthy the name of gentleman, who cared nothing for me in return."

"The scoundrel!" cries Lord Valence, starting. "Only tell me his name, Everil, and you shall be avenged as thoroughly as your heart could desire."

She lays her hand upon his arm. A sudden thought has struck her. Would it be honorable of her, in her turn, to give up to no purpose the name of the man who is at that moment staying in the castle as their mutual guest? What good could she do by it? In what way remedy the evil of the past?

"What signifies his name?" she answers. "I have done with him and with his name forever. The confession I come to make to you to-night concerns myself alone. I married you, Valence, with less than love. I almost hated you."

"I guessed it, Everil," he says mournfully.

"At first I thought no power on earth

could make me marry you; but this man—this wretch—who pretended that he cared for me, but who was too poor to marry me without a fortune, insinuated—O Valence, how can I tell you?—He insinuated—he pointed out to me—that—that—"

"My darling! I can guess it for myself. He pointed out to you that my life wasn't worth a brass farthing; and that, once a widow, your hand would be again at your own disposal."

"And—and—that he could wait until that time came," says Everil, sobbing. "And I—I was base enough to listen to him, and to believe it; and to feel glad, if I must marry you, that it would be for so short a time! And now—*now*—O Valence! put me from you—send me away. I have been as bad as a murderess, that slays her own flesh and blood. O my God! my God!"

Her grief is so violent that she has flung herself prostrate on the ground. The earl rises, gropes about for a means of lighting the lamp, and then, retracing his footsteps, raises his wife tenderly from the floor.

"Don't—don't! I am not worthy!" she exclaims.

"Not worthy! Are you so anxious to get rid of me still, then, Everil?"

At that thought she bursts into a shrill scream, and flings herself hysterically upon him.

"*To get rid of you?* O, that I could die ten thousand deaths for yours! But it is not true, Valence!—tell me it is not true! You are well—you can eat, you can drink—you can go about like other men. Tell me—for heaven's sake tell me this has been all a horrid dream, and you will live to let me love you, and make amends for the bitter past!"

"My darling! you have made me wish to-night for the first time that I *could* say no."

She stares at him with silent horror.

"To hear you speak to me as you have spoken this evening, Everil, has been the great wish of my heart ever since I knew you. I loved you from the first, though it was long before I would acknowledge it to myself; and to feel that you return my love at last, is greater happiness than I ever hoped for. It makes all the rest easy—even"—he adds in a lower key—"death!"

"Valence, you must not speak so. O my husband! how could you die with my warm heart beating against yours? Agatha says so. Agatha always drives me mad with her insinuations about your failing health; but I cannot believe it—I will not believe it! It is not true."

"*It is true.* Everil, my darling, you must learn to believe it."

She commences to weep afresh, hanging about him. "How *can* you know it?" she says, passionately.

He places her on the sofa, and throwing one arm around her, draws down her head to rest upon his shoulder.

"You love me," he says, tenderly, "and you have a courageous heart. Shall I make a clean breast to you, Everil, as you have done to me? Have you the strength to hear *everything?*"

"About yourself?"

"About the mystery that envelops me—that is attached to this dark room, where you so often find me sitting by myself—about the source from which I draw my internal conviction, that not only is my early death a certainty, but that even the day and the hour are already fixed."

"I have courage to hear anything you wish to tell me," she answers, shuddering as she hides her face in his breast.

"You have been brought up, perhaps, to laugh at the idea of the appearance of spirits or apparitions as something deserving of the profoundest contempt and ridicule."

"Valence, there are no such things, surely! I have always regarded the tales concerning them as old wives' fables."

"Just so; and therefore it is that, for fear of being regarded by you as a lunatic or a visionary, I have hitherto carefully avoided the subject. But, Everil, it is not a fable—it is a truth that spirits can revisit this earth, and make their appearance palpable to more mortal senses than one."

She does not answer him. The old fear that he is mad is stealing over her again; yet it does not make her shrink. She only creeps closer to his side, and turns her face inwards, so that her lips lay against his heart.

"Go on," she whispers, faintly.

"From quite a boy I have been a student of the occult sciences that treat of the subject, and from being myself what is called a 'medium,' or 'seer,' I have enjoyed unusual advantages in its pursuit. It is the spirits who have told me, Everil, that I shall not live."

"The spirits! But how can spirits speak to you, Valence?"

"By many ways, dearest, but chiefly in the way you are speaking now."

"Do you mean to say that they have voices?"

"Voices, and bodies, and minds. Sometimes they are impalpable to touch, at others they are as material as ourselves."

"Valence, you must be dreaming!—or are you saying this to try how far my credulity can go?"

"Do you think me likely to jest on such a matter, Everil? You don't know the wild longing—the fierce burning pain that has seized on me from time to time since our marriage, because I knew it all to be so true. And now—at the very moment when I hear your sweet lips confess you love me—O how I long to stay with you now!"

"You *shall* stay—you are going to stay. O my Valence! this indeed is mere fancy. You have studied so hard that it has affected your judgment. Who ever heard of such a thing before? Indeed, indeed, you must be mistaken."

"You think me mad, in fact," he answers, bitterly.

"No, love!—no, darling!—don't say that! But the wisest of men have sometimes had to acknowledge themselves in error; and I think—this story is so wild—so improbable. Why not ask the advice of some older, more practical thinker than yourself?"

"Why not set myself up as a laughing-stock for the world?—who, when the prophecy is fulfilled, would say I had worried myself into my grave. No, Everil. I will die as I have lived—alone—except now for your sweet companionship and sympathy."

"I shall talk to you night and day, until I have talked you out of your belief in apparitions. I cannot understand it. I thought all such superstition had been swept from the earth long ago."

"Everil, if you saw those apparitions with your own eyes would you believe in them?"

"Perhaps so—IF I saw them—which I never shall."

"Would you have the courage to remain with me and watch?"

"I would have the courage to remain anywhere with you, Valence."

"I will put it to the test. I would have saved you this; but I cannot bear that you should think me such a slave to superstition. Everil, if you will stay here with me to-night, you shall see the spirit who has forewarned me of my death."

"Are you sure?" she says, incredulously.

"I am almost sure. She has seldom disappointed me. Still there is just the chance that your presence may disturb the influence. Will you risk it?"

"Anything, so that you do not send me from you."

"Only promise me one thing—that when the spirit appears you will neither scream nor attempt to grasp it, nor even to move from the seat where I have placed you. The most disastrous consequences might follow your want of faith. Will you promise me?"

"I promise. Henceforth I am yours only, to command as you will."

They extinguish the lamp after that, and lock the door, and sit together on the sofa, murmuring the fondest protestations of attachment into each other's ears. The beauty, the holiness of first love is upon them both, increased by the knowledge that what has become their highest pleasure is their duty. Everil pours forth her confidences in one continuous stream; her distrust of Agatha—her fears for himself—all the doubts she had before her marriage, all the jealousy she has experienced since, she tells to Valence as frankly as is natural to her. Whilst he, between many a fond endearment and expression of gratitude, gives her a more detailed account of his past and present experiences, explaining the mystery of the trances into which she has seen him fall; of the scrawled handwriting she found upon his desk, and the lengthened vigils he has been in the habit of observing.

They talk as rapidly as the ideas come into their heads; everything that has been so long pent up in their hearts wells forth at once; and in an hour's time they know more of each other's minds than they have ever learned before. Once or twice they pass a brief term of silence, when their love seems to have reached its climax, and nothing more is needed to express their feelings. These intervals, notwithstanding the prospect before him, are almost happiness to Valence; but Everil, though deeply grateful for the explanation with her husband, is disturbed and anxious. Can it really be true that he believes in the appearance of ghosts?—and if so, is it consistent to credit him with being in his right senses? And yet how calm and collected he appears.

Everil has heard of people's brains being diseased on one point only, and wonders, with a shudder, whether it can be his case; but she presses all the closer to him for the thought, resolving that, come what may, her life shall be devoted to him to the end.

"Valence," she says, presently, in an unusually tender voice, "you have not forgiven me yet."

"Forgiven you! What for, my darling?"

"For the dreadful thoughts I harbored against you before our marriage. If I could only tell you how bitterly they have been repented of since!"

"My love, you did not love me then. Love has no claims against you. But if it will make you happier to hear me say so, I forgive you for them a thousand times over. They were all wiped off with the first kiss you gave me of your own accord. But listen! What sound was that?"

"I heard no sound."

"Hush!—wait one moment. I think that she is coming."

He sits upright on the sofa, and by the light of the moonbeams Everil can trace his figure bent forward in the attitude of listening, and his earnest preoccupied air.

"My darling, it is nothing," she says.

"Will you promise me to remain here," he says, hastily, "without moving or making a sound?"

"I have already promised you."

"Even should I speak to her or touch her, you will not attempt to do either?"

"I promise you," she repeats, mournfully, looking upon the precaution as but another proof of her husband's terrible weakness.

He rises suddenly, pushing the sofa back into the shadow. Then he takes her in his arms, and embraces her fondly. "O my love! my darling! if it could but be averted *for your sake!* Do not mind what I may say or do. Remember! I shall return to you."

He stands by her side for a moment, and straining her eyes through the darkness, Everil presently perceives the faint glimmer of a light. It flickers first against the stained glass of the window opposite to them; then passes to a second one at the further end of the room.

"It is she," says Valence, with suppressed excitement.

She would beg him to be calm, but is fearful of giving him offence. The light stays at the further window, then brightens gradually, and Everil's intense curiosity (now thoroughly aroused) never permits her afterwards quite to satisfy herself how it passed through the window, and appeared in the room.

But there it is, far from them, yet distinct, widening in degree, with every moment, until it reveals a mass of white—a face—a woman's bust and shoulders—diaphanous drapery—and a veil of flowing golden hair!

"*Isola!*" cries Valence, starting forward.

The apparition raises its arm; he stops half way between it and Everil.

"What have you come for—to repeat again the lesson I have learned so well?"

The figure bows its head.

"Tell it me then. I have courage now to bear everything. *How long have I to live?*"

The apparition speaks, slowly, and in a whisper.

"Four months—November, December, January, February. On the 28th of February, at noon, I come to you. Beware! prepare!"

"God in heaven! can it be true? Four months only, and when life has but just opened upon me! Isola, listen to me. I have but just learned what happiness is. My wife loves me!"

The spirit does not answer.

"Will not love bind us to the earth? Can it be possible for the spirit to leave the flesh whilst it is full of energy and sweet ripe hopes and human affection? May you not have made a mistake?"

"On the 28th of February, at noon."

"Isola! I never longed so much to live as now. My earthly hopes are so transcendent, so absorbing. Is there no respite—no delay?"

"On the 28th of February, at noon, I come to you. Beware! prepare!"

He hides his face for a minute in his hands. When he lifts it again the apparition has disappeared.

Valence gropes his way to the sofa.

"My sweet brave girl! how calmly you have behaved through it all. We cannot avert destiny, my Everil; but we will at least meet it in each other's arms."

He essays to raise her as he speaks, but her form is heavy and motionless. Alarmed, he rekindles the lamp. His wife is not so brave as he imagined. She has fainted!

CHAPTER XXIV.

"SAY THAT YOU WILL SAVE HIM!"

DR. NEWALL, now an old man, almost past the allotted span of life, is acknowledged on all sides, and invariably spoken of as the "castle physician." Not that Lord Valence holds so much by the customs of past ages (when noble families invariably maintained a chaplain and a doctor among their retinue) as to pretend to keep Dr. Newall to himself; but the old man attended the deathbeds of both his mother and his father, and, having always proved a faithful and trustworthy friend, the late earl bequeathed him an annuity on condition that he remained near the castle during the lifetime of his sons. So that virtually his services belong to the family. Valence would give Dr. Newall house-room in the castle, did he not prefer to occupy a little cottage on the estate, where he lives in quiet content, doctoring the bodies of the poor of the village, while his brother, the priest, who resides with him, looks after their souls.

Everil knows both these gentlemen by sight. One of the first things that Valence did, after his return from abroad, was to bring his old friends to introduce to his wife, and she received them with all the courtesy due to their position. But she has thought little of them since. Dr. Newall, she is aware, pays a periodical visit to the castle, and she has sometimes met him walking in the grounds; but she has never engaged in any private conversation with him, far less approached the subject of her husband's health. But as she wakes on the morning following her vigil in the library—wakes to such a mingled amount of joy and sorrow as she never felt in her life before—the first thought that flashes across her mind is to ask Dr. Newall's advice. He brought Valence into the world, and has attended him through all the ailments of infancy and youth. Surely he must know more about his constitution and mental organization than any one else. Agatha has often told her that Dr. Newall has confessed himself puzzled by Valence's complaint; that he has said that his mind was working on his body to such an extent that if some efficient remedy were not soon discovered he must succumb to its influence. But if Agatha knows this dread secret, which Valence has disclosed to her, why has she not communicated it to Dr. Newall, and thrown some light on what now appears a mystery to him. Everil has always distrusted Agatha. She distrusts her still more as this idea occurs to her. How false must be her pretence of concern for her brother-in-law's health when she can neglect to make use of such a weapon as this may prove in the physician's hands. She thinks of all this as she is dressing; but she says nothing to her husband.

He rises from his couch, joyous as a bridegroom, the sad eyes that have so often haunted and reproached her in her dreams, brimming over with his new-found happiness. He has been so long used to the idea of death, that the mere reiteration of a prophecy he has schooled himself to accept as true is powerless to disturb his present peace; and Everil has not the heart to communicate the cloud that hangs over her own mind to his by referring to it. So they laugh and love, and are to all appearance blissfully content through the morning hours, and descend to breakfast (but for that sword of Damocles suspended over their heads) as happy in their mutual affection as ever were Eve and Adam when first presented to each other.

"O, if it might but last!"

Everil finds herself repeating this ejaculation over and over again. Heaven's doors are opened; she stands upon the threshold of all bliss, only to know they have already commenced to swing slowly but surely to again. Yet even this thought cannot prevent an unusual look of excitement pervading her countenance as she enters the breakfast-room leaning on her husband's arm, the first time she has ever done so.

She is not restful; but she is wildly happy, and the knowledge of her pain and of her joy makes her do strange and fitful things. She laughs loudly without reason; talks fast; helps herself to half a dozen different dishes, eating really of none; and asks the same question several times over. Valence, on the contrary, is rather silent; but there is an expression on his face which is very foreign to it—the look of happiness. Mrs. West glances from the wife to the husband, and the husband to the wife, and is anything but satisfied with the scrutiny. At first she makes no comment on the alteration in their behaviour, except such as is conveyed to Man-

rice Staunton by an elevation of her eyebrows; but after a while her patience is exhausted, and, considering her position in the castle, the widow forgets herself.

"What on earth is the matter?" she says, snappishly. "I declare, you are getting quite hoydenish again, Everil. It is not generally considered dignified for a married woman to come scuttling down stairs like a schoolgirl."

"Indeed! not when she is dreadfully late, and in a state of mental terror lest her guests should have eaten up everything worth eating before she makes her appearance?" replies the countess, feigning indifference.

"You seem 'dreadfully' hungry into the bargain."

Everil glances at her wasted food with amusement.

"Well! and why should I not be? How is Arthur this morning?"

But at this juncture Lord Valence, who has been carrying a dish assiduously round the table (the castle people make a custom of waiting on themselves at breakfast) reaches Everil's chair, and places one hand upon her shoulder. The start—the flush—the sudden look of happiness, tell Mrs. West too plainly (if she requires telling) what the matter is. Everil does not know that she is observed. Lovers are far too much like the ostrich, who sticks his head into the sand, and forgets that his pursuers will trace him by his tail. She turns her face towards her husband and their eyes meet.

Neither she nor Valence, were they married for a hundred years, would dream of making love in public. Love is with them too sacred to be made the sport of general comment. But though the tongue may utter commonplaces, it is not so easy to curb the language of the eyes. Agatha West sees the look which they exchange, and from being anxious and uneasy, becomes bitter.

"Miss Mildmay is waiting for some omelet," she remarks, in an unpleasant voice; "and I should like some too, Valence—when you have time to attend to us. I thought you always professed to have such a contempt for public displays, Everil."

The countess blushes. But she is not the woman to be attacked with impunity. She draws herself up at once.

"So I have — of uncalled-for interference."

Mrs. West giggles uneasily.

"Well! I call that rather hard on poor me. What harm was there in my remark? I shall be afraid to open my mouth next."

Everil does not answer. She is beginning to distrust and dislike this woman more and more every day. She treats her question with silent contempt, and addresses herself to her husband.

"What are you going to do this morning, Valence?"

"I had engaged to drive Staunton over to Ballybroogan, to say good-by to the O'Connors. I am afraid we must lose Captain Staunton, Everil. He cannot get any more leave after Monday."

"Indeed?"

How glad she is to hear that he is going!—that she shall lose even the remembrance of the time of folly during which she thought she loved him! and how she wishes they would all go—Alice, and Agatha, and all, and leave her all alone with *him*.

"But I hope not for long," says Maurice Staunton. "I have some leave due again at Christmas, and Lord Valence has most kindly asked me to spend it here."

"O, that *will* be charming!" cries Agatha, with an apparently irrepressible burst of delight. And then she remembers herself, and titters, and blushes, and glances round the table from under her long eyelashes, and says, timidly:

"I didn't *quite* mean that; but *you* will like to see Captain Staunton again—wont you, Everil? It makes the castle so much more lively to have a few friends staying in it."

"Of course she will like it," replies Valence, good-humoredly (he is disposed to be in a good humor with all the world this morning). "I shouldn't have asked Staunton to come again if I hadn't known it would be agreeable to her. So no apologies, Agatha," laughingly, "and no more blushes. I have no doubt Staunton will take your natural expression of pleasure at the news of his return for as great a compliment as, under similar circumstances, I should have done myself. Wont you, Staunton?"

"I can never feel sufficiently grateful for the kind interest Mrs. West takes in me, nor for the friendship she accords me," replies Maurice Staunton, looking at

Everil the while. "And my best thanks are due to you and Lady Valence for the prospect your invitation affords me of meeting you all here again."

"All right, old fellow! Don't say anything more about it; but come and go as you like, and as you may have the opportunity. The doors of Castle Valence will always be open to you—remember that."

Everil will not join in her husband's invitation. She longs to say that she disapproves of it; that she will not have this man, who has dared to insult her by his base insinuations, and whom she loathes as though he were a reptile, within the walls of any house that owns her as mistress. But she knows that such an outburst would seriously offend and vex her husband, and for his sake she is silent. He thinks that Maurice Staunton comes here for the sake of Agatha. Agatha herself has told him so—and perhaps Agatha may be right. Men's minds sometimes change so quickly, that Staunton may have already transferred his allegiance to her sister-in-law. And, in that case, they will get rid of both of them. Blessed thought! So Everil resolves to wait, and bear, and be silent for a little longer. But this resolution cannot make her cordial to either of the culprits. Forbearance even is unnatural to her: cordiality would make her false. So she treats them both with coolness during the rest of breakfast-time; and rises to leave the room, without, as usual, communicating her plans for the morning.

"Are you going to drive this morning, dear?" asks Mrs. West, who, with the announcement of her friend Captain Staunton's speedy return, appears to have regained her good-humor.

"No!" says the countess, shortly.

"I thought we were going to shop at C——," interposes Alice Mildmay, naming the nearest town.

"Did I say so, Alice? Well, if you'll excuse me, I'd rather put it off. I do not feel inclined for a day's shopping."

"What should you like to do best?" demands her husband, tenderly.

"I should like to have this morning to myself, Valence," she answers.

Neither addresses the other by a term of endearment, yet there is a tone in their voices that seems to say more than any words could do. As Mrs. West hears it she glances again at Maurice Staunton, and as the earl, and countess, and Alice disappear, she draws him within the shelter of one of the deep bay windows.

"What do you make of that?" he says inquiringly.

"It is some absurd romance they have got into their heads, but it will not last," she answers. "You are sure to be back at Christmas?"

"Sure as anything can be in this world. But what is the reason of her behaviour towards me? Is it real or feigned?"

"Feigned, of course! Do you suppose women are like yourselves, and able to love and unlove at will? But Everil is fighting with her conscience, and cannot quite make up her mind about it. It is early days as yet. I think perhaps your present departure is about the best thing that could happen."

"How?"

"It will give her time for reflection. Besides, she will miss you, and women always get tender in absence. But don't stay away too long."

"You seem to have overcome some of the scruples you favored me with when this marriage was first decided on."

"Ah, my dear boy! it's no use fighting against fate. Not that I would have Everil do anything wrong, for worlds. But if she is to marry again—and of course she *will* marry again—why not you as well as any one else? I am sure you would do your best to make the poor child happy."

"You seem very certain still that she will be in a position to marry again."

"O, there is no doubt of it! She does not see the change—she has been too little accustomed to think of him or his well-doing; but there has been a great change for the worse in Valence since his marriage. I was speaking to Dr. Newall about it only last week."

"Well, I confess, with every desire to the contrary, that I can't see it. The man seems well enough to me. A trifle thin, perhaps, and rather hectic in appearance, but otherwise not worse than dozens of my acquaintance."

"Ah! you look at the body, whilst the disease all lies in the mind. His trances, or fits, or whatever you like to call them, have been much prolonged of late. The other night I almost thought he never would have come to himself again. Dr.

Newall thinks now the heart is affected as well as the head. But come and take a turn in the grounds, and I will tell you more about it. I hate talking in the house—one is apt to be overheard." And so the worthy pair saunter off together.

* * * * * * *

It is about twelve o'clock when Dr. Newall's factotum rushes into the back garden to inform him that Lady Valence is in the cottage, waiting to speak to him. The announcement takes the good old doctor quite by surprise. He is very busy hoeing up some potatoes to send to a poor family in distress, and not at all what he considers in a fit condition to hold an interview with the wife of his patron. Besides, the countess and he are almost strangers; he has never thought of her except as a very magnificent, highly-bred young lady, and he is not at all sure of what she will think of a breach of etiquette. So he comes into the cottage parlor with rather muddy boots and disorderly apparel, and full of apologies.

"I really must beg your ladyship's pardon for appearing before you in such a costume, but rather than keep your ladyship waiting, I have ventured to attend your summons just as it found me."

"O, it is so good of you to come at all," replies her ladyship, in a trembling voice.

She has only a garden-hat upon her head and a warm shawl thrown hastily about her shoulders, and she seems agitated and uneasy, and her eyes are red. Dr. Newall rubs his own and looks at her again. Can this be the Countess of Valence, across whose face he has never yet seen any feeling pass except one of proud indifference? He guesses directly that something must be the matter.

"I trust nothing is wrong?" he says, anxiously. "Is there anything in which I can help your ladyship?"

Her only answer is a burst of tears.

"O yes! Indeed you can—I hope you can!" she says, between her sobs. "O Dr. Newall, my husband! my husband!"

Dr. Newall, guessing what is to come, turns round, and walking to the door, deliberately locks it; next, opening a small chiffonier, procures thence a glass of wine, and makes Everil drink it. Then drawing a chair close to hers, he sits down and takes her hand between his own as though he had known her all his life. The touch of nature has broken down all barriers of etiquette between them.

"Now, my dear child," he says, "tell me all. Remember I have known him from his birth. You need have no scruples in letting me know the truth."

"I never knew it till last night," she answers, with a moan, "and I feel I must tell it to some one who is wiser than myself. And I thought that you, who have known him all along, and are such a friend of his, must be better able to counsel me than anybody else."

"My dear (I trust your ladyship will forgive the familiarity)—"

"O, call me anything you like," she says, clinging to the hand which she believes can preserve Valence to her.

"But are you speaking of your husband's health?"

"Yes!—no!—not exactly. I must begin from the beginning—from before our marriage. Valence told me then that he had been given over—that he could not live more than six months or so, and—and—I don't know if I believed him or not—I—" in a failing voice—"I did not *care* then—it was all the same to me if he lived or—O heaven! if he died! But when we went abroad, and I found he had those dreadful fainting fits, I got frightened."

"Does he often have them?"

"He had four or five attacks during our wedding tour; and Mrs. West says he has had some very alarming ones of late, that lasted for more than an hour at a time."

"Why has Mrs. West never mentioned the subject to me, I wonder?" remarks the doctor.

"She tells me you know all about them, and say they are incurable, and connected with his heart," replies Everil, with surprise.

"My dear lady, this is the first news I have ever had that Lord Valence was subject to anything of the kind. I have often suspected it. I have often seen him of a morning languid, pulseless, heavy, and with all the appearance of a man who has had such an attack as you describe; but I have never been able to make him confess to it. What can be the reason of such reticence?"

"I think I can tell you. When we returned to the castle I found that he and Agatha used to sit up very late together, long after the servants had all gone to bed,

and they would not tell me what for. Once I went down to the library, where they were sitting together, long after midnight, and I found them in the dark, and Valence would not let me cross the threshold. That made me very angry, and for some time afterwards I felt too proud to ask any more questions. Only my husband often alluded to the near approach of his death, and the time when it should have happened."

"Well, my dear—well!" interposes the doctor, anxiously, seeing she falters in her narrative.

"But last night, after I had gone to bed, I was very unhappy, and I wanted to tell him something. He had not come up stairs, so I rose and went down to the library, where I found him, as usual, in the dark. I implored him to tell me the truth—and he told it me. He said," continues Everil, looking up in her companion's face the while to mark what effect her strange communication will have upon him, "that he had seen *spirits*, and talked to them all his life, and that it is a spirit that has told him he must die so soon."

Dr. Newall looks very grave, but he does not evince any surprise.

"I could not believe it," she goes on, passionately. "I have heard of ghosts and banshees, and such things, of course, but I always thought such stories nonsense, and only credited by ignorant people who knew no better. But Valence asked me to watch with him and prove what he said was true; and I did—and I *saw* it with my own eyes—and—and—"

"Did you hear it speak?"

"Yes—I think so, but I hardly remember. Valence says I fainted. I know I was frightened and miserable enough for anything. But this is what I came to say. O Dr. Newhall, do you think it is true—that he really will leave me? O, say that you will cure him—that you will save him from himself—or I shall go mad!"

She has slid from her chair and thrown herself on her knees at the old man's feet; she has seized his wrinkled hand, fresh from the toils of gardening, and is kissing and clinging to it as though he had been her guardian angel, and had all good things within his gift.

"My dear, dear lady!" he says, as he tries to raise her.

"No! I will not get up until you have promised me to save him. O Dr. Newall, I could lay down my life to purchase his! Surely it is impossible that he can die!"

"If you will be good and reasonable, we will discuss the point together," he answers, quietly. Then she rises, ashamed of her sudden outburst of feeling, and sits down, cold and despondent, in a chair.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A LOST LOVE.

BY MARIE OLIVER.

Before I ever knew her name,
  Or took her gently by the hand,
I loved her with a fervent love
  Which you will hardly understand.

I lived as live the happy birds
  That twitter careless in the air;
My music was her tender voice,
  My sunshine was her golden hair.

But time and seasons both rolled on,
  As time and seasons ever will,
And of love's cheery fountain bright
  I found that I had drained my fill.

Our roads in life simply diverged—
  She went her way, and I went mine;
My after-life a *bit* more sweet
  For having quaffed of love's rich wine.

I thought it hard, that cruel day
  When snapped the friendly cord in twain,
But now, were India's rich ores mine,
  I'd ask not to relink the chain.

For with the glimpses I have had
  Of all that is and yet must be,
I stoop and kiss the hand which dealt
  This bitter measure out to me.

Boston, March, 1875.

THE LITTLE BLUE JOCKEY.

BY ANNA MASON.

EARLY in the season the usually quiet town of W —— was all alive with excitement and gayety. Fine equipages filled its thoroughfares, while strangers crowded its hotels, keeping the proprietors and their supernumerary assistants on the verge of despair with their exactions, only bearing up under them through the powerful incentive of money being lavishly squandered.

Besides all this, the wave from the outer world had brought into the quiet town a style and elegance in dress usual in fashionable localities, but astonishing to the town's people, awakening them to a sense of their own deficiencies, and turning many a pretty little head with foolish longings, hitherto unfelt.

For the first time, except on the most insignificant scale, horse-racing had found its way to the secluded town. Heretofore it had been confined to farmers' lads mounted on miserable grass-fed specimens of equine creation; although it must be admitted that Judge Harris's son, seated in his light sulky behind a fast horse, had, occasionally, raced on the road against Brack Turner and his celebrated La Purcelle.

Turner was a professional trainer, employed on the estate of Mr. Tremaine, the magnate, *par excellence*, of the place on grounds purely mercenary.

As the first rosy dawn prophesies the full effulgence of approaching day, so these small beginnings were premonitory signs of a mighty "turf-fever," that rapidly increased and culminated in the grand races, stirring the great world beyond W——, and bringing surging into it men of wealth, ladies of fashion, lovers of the turf, and a host of speculators, gamblers and adventurers. The great wave swept over the little town, and it scarcely knew itself.

Mr. Tremaine, a gentleman of large means, was very fond of horses, and had always kept a number on his place. He was somewhat given to trading, and unusually fortunate in his transactions; for when he bought horses whose fine points—or, more correctly, latent possibilities of fine points—no one else seemed to appreciate, he would, after due care and training, part with them on terms extremely advantageous to himself.

There was one little mare bred on his place of pedigree that would have led to no great expectations on the part of turfmen, that early exhibited marked traits. She was difficult to break in, and rebelled so fiercely at work that she was at last turned loose, and allowed to roam about the place at her own sweet will.

Occasionally she was called into requisition by Tom Snow, the groom's son, when sent on some errand, until that worthy discovered that the small, irritable, nervous mare had remarkable speed; after which he surreptitiously led her out at night and won many trifling wagers of peanuts and grog.

It so chanced that she was seen by Brack Turner, who at once perceived her great capabilities. He demanded a private interview with Mr. Tremaine, and, as its result, was at once installed as Dolly's trainer; whereupon he proceeded to break her in and bring out her fine points.

Many times did Mr. Tremaine meditate parting with her, for it seemed as if even with her patient trainer she never could be broken into a steady trot, while the expense of keeping Turner was no trifle. On the other hand, the trainer prophesied a glorious career for Dolly, and held his faith in her unshaken, while with great earnestness he urged Mr. Tremaine not to part with her.

The event justified his confidence and recommended his penetration. Racing men came from a distance to see Dolly; fabulous prices were offered for her; and when a race course was finally laid out in the suburbs of the town, she was entered in competition with horses of famous record.

Mr. Tremaine's only daughter Mai—a pretty girl of eighteen, sharing her father's enthusiasm for horses, and herself a fine horse-woman—rechristened her as La Purcelle, and she was no more known as Dolly.

On the first day of the races the little town was as gay as Rome at carnival time. To be sure, there were a few good old-fashioned conservative folks who closed their blinds and remained at home in shady rooms; but the gay city people wielded a mighty influence, and their countenance seemed to lend to the whole affair an air of respectability, so that even grave and sober people were drawn into the vortex.

In one carriage, whirling rapidly through a cloud of dust, was seated Mr. Tremaine, a fat and pompous gentleman whose rubicund and rather coarse-featured face was beaming complacently. His obesity rather added to than detracted from a self-important air. He wore fine broadcloth; a white silk vest, opening low over an expansive chest adorned by an embroidered shirt-front, on which sparkled a diamond of exquisite lustre; a wide-spreading hat, refreshingly lined with green, and adorned with a scarf of tulle; a pair of yellow kid gloves, stitched with red, drawn tightly over his little podgy hands; and sleeve-studs of enormous dimensions, representing with the finest touches of the goldsmith's art heads of his equine idols.

Like his friend Mr. Tracy, who was seated beside him, and who shared his faith in La Purcelle, he wore on the left breast of his coat a rosette of blue and maroon ribbons.

Opposite to these two gentlemen was a boy of some fourteen years, but small and slightly built for his age, possessing a face, however, remarkably spirited and intelligent. Sunny hair fell in curling rings over his broad forehead, and was surmounted by a jockey's hat of blue and maroon, set jauntily on to one side; a fine color lighted his thin cheek and deepened the scarlet in lips arched like Cupid's bow; and there was inimitable drollery and humor in his merry blue eyes, that changed in expression with every thought that chased through his active young brain. Now and then he slyly stretched out his limbs to admire his silken hose, and complacently patted his knee-breeches of pale blue satin, slashed over linings of maroon-color silk, or his jacket of the same materials, heavy with embroidery.

Thus attired, he reminded one of nothing so much as one of those pretty pages of mediæval days—perhaps of noble birth, the pet of some fair queen of love and beauty—learning in her courts chivalrous devotion to her sex, ere going forth into the world to learn of grim and armed knights sterner lessons of combat and warfare.

This was the boy known as "The Little Blue Jockey."

Driving out one day, with old Snow the groom seated beside him, Brack Turner had discovered him. The little urchin, with a very dirty face, had crossed his path, vaulted over a fence at a single bound, turned a somersault in the grass, and risen to his feet with a laugh of triumph, to spring upon the back of a colt free in the meadow, there to cling like a monkey, notwithstanding the colt's frantic behaviour, till they both rolled over in the grass together.

"Who in the name of mischief is that?" demanded Turner.

"O, one of them wild Irish!" was the careless reply of Snow, who prided himself to an unreasonable degree on his Yankee origin.

"Come here with you, boy!" shouted Turner.

The specimen approached.

"Now, then, what's your name, sir?"

"That's a conundrum, and perhaps you will have to give it up," replied the boy, with a saucy shake of the head. "Besides, I don't *pick up* acquaintances, but only associate with quality that are introduced to me by the minister, the governor, or some of my friends."

"The d—l! Where do you live, I'd like to know?"

"Just wherever I happen to be. At present I'm living here, you observe;" with the slightest touch of Milesian brogue in his young sweet voice.

"Who is your mother?"

"You've just said it, old cove. As near as I can make out, she is my mother."

"Now see here, have done with this fooling!" cried Turner, impatiently. "I'm talking to you for your own good. I want to know how old you are, and how much you weigh."

"The dickens, you do! Cool and salubrious! Well, I'm the same age as my twin brother that died, and weigh as much as my shadow. How is that for high?"

"You're a provoking cub! You'd listen to reason if you had any sense in you."

"Don't go off on your ear, old fellow!" cried the boy, putting his arms akimbo, and eyeing Turner with an innocent smile. "But are you reason?"

"He's got you there, Turner," laughed the groom.

Turner deigned no reply.

"Would you like a lot of money, boy?" asked he.

"Shoot your money! You wouldn't be after giving it to me, even if you had it!"

"You could earn it."

"And spend it, too, you bet!"

"I'm a horse-trainer, and you're the boy I'd like for a jockey, to ride the prettiest creature ever you set your two eyes on. What do you say to that?"

"I say bully for you, old fellow! and now you talk like a man and a brother! Give us your paw, and it's a bargain. My mother may not like the business, but she'll find the money convenient to have."

"Then you've got a mother?"

"To be sure I have; she lives just beyond," replied the boy, nodding his head toward a small house at a little distance. "Come and hold out your inducements to her, if you're in earnest."

In a few moments they reached the poor shanty, where they found a frail-looking woman bending over washtubs. The trainer explained his business, and the weary mother listened and hesitated.

"It's no horse that could throw the likes of him," said she, with a smile of motherly pride. "But it's meself don't like to throw him in the way of temptation, and the rough life he'd lead with bad men and boys."

"But mighty good pay he'd get, I guess," put in the groom, artfully.

"Shure it's pay we need," sighed the overworked, underpaid woman. "Jamie is a good boy, and willing to work at every odd job that comes to hand; and when he can't get work it's help me to iron he will, no matter who laughs. But for all that, it's starving we're like to be."

"Then he may go?"

"Shure there's no help for it, and luck go with him!" decided the mother, with the logic of suffering and necessity.

So the bargain was made. Jamie's face was washed, and he stepped into the buggy and drove off with the trainer.

Half an hour later he was weighed in the stables, and presented to Mr. Tremaine as the jockey who should ride La Purcelle to victory.

"Eighty-seven pounds," commented Mr. Tremaine; "that's two pounds more than the regulations require for three-year olds. But we'll have the weight all right. He'll do."

The bright pretty boy at once became a prime favorite with Miss Mai. She laughed at his slang till he dropped the use of it, encouraged him to read and study, and stirred up his ambition, till the coming races became to him, as to her, a matter of vital interest.

She entered heart and soul into the prospective triumphs of La Purcelle, and had laughingly declared that no one should excel her rider in appearance. Her dainty fingers, then, had fashioned the suit in which Jamie was now apparelled. He had dressed at the house, and Miss Mai's little fingers had adjusted the ribbons and put on finishing touches ere she had stepped into the carriage, and driven off with her mamma and two young lady guests.

"We have concluded to drive out on the track, Jamie, and see the races from the carriage," had been her parting words. "See, here are the blue ribbons I must present to the victorious horse at the home-stretch. Remember, it would break my heart should I be called on to fasten them to the headstall of any but La Purcelle." And Miss Mai, his queen of love and beauty, had actually kissed him. Ah well, he could die for that kiss!

The day had been like a day of fairyland. After exercising La Purcelle in the morning, he had dined at the great house, and been served from silver dishes, and eaten off of plates on which were painted beautiful clusters of fruit and groups of flowers.

"You mustn't get your neck broken, you monkey you," cried Mr. Tremaine, suddenly breaking in on his revery, and playfully chucking him under the chin.

"No danger of breaking a neck that was born to wear a rope round it," laughed Jamie.

"What will the boys say, Jamie, to you?"

"They'll envy me," replied the boy, complacently stroking his gay attire, "as much as Joseph's brethren did his coat of

many colors, and wish they dared roll me into a mudhole."

"Well, well, there is some difference in a toilet made in a fair lady's dressing-room and those of the stables. Jump out with you—here we are!"

Jamie quickly vanished, and the gentlemen left the carriage to mingle in the crowd.

The seats were already filled, and the entire scene was one of the utmost gayety. The first race was to be a handicap for all ages, one mile stretch. The horses were now brought on to the track, and their appearance greeted by the crowd with excited murmurs of admiration. First came the favorite of the day, "Bold Pioneer," a powerful six-year old, mounted by a jockey weighing one hundred and ten, wearing orange and green. Last of all came La Purcelle, mounted by her little blue jockey, his head bent in serious attention as he listened to the last earnest instructions of the trainer.

There was no end of laughing and chatting; up went opera-glasses, fans were lightly waved. Ladies gayly exchanged bets with their cavaliers of smoking-caps, slippers or cigars against bouquets, bonbons, gloves, or other trifles dear to femininity, going by whim and fancy oftener than probability. More anxious gamesters registered heavier stakes, too much engrossed by their risks to enjoy the occasion in the light-hearted fashion of their fair neighbors.

At the first attempt the flag fell to a glorious start, Rowdy, a four-year-old gelding, being the first to pass the string, while the others were well up, and La Purcelle formed the rear guard. As they rounded the turn Bold Pioneer shot to the front.

So far, following the trainer's directions, Little Blue Jockey had by no means permitted La Purcelle to show her full speed; but as they neared the upper turn the beautiful little creature struck out with a speed that was simply amazing—like an arrow from the tight-drawn bow—shot past all other competitors, easily *about to pass* Bold Pioneer, and the race virtually won, as all could see at a glance, when—O Heaven, what a sight! Bold Pioneer and La Purcelle were both down, kicking and struggling. The green and orange jockey, having sprung to his feet, was rubbing his shins and shaking off dust, while the little blue jockey lay under the cruel feet of the rushing horses.

The scene was one of terror. A cry of horror burst from the affrighted crowd; ladies even fainted. The horses were stopped, and their riders gazed back with curious awful eyes at the little blue jockey, who did not stir. In a moment Brack Turner sprang forward, caught the child up in his strong arms, and carried him out. To still the excitement he almost immediately reappeared to announce that the little jockey was not much hurt, but frightened, and receiving all needful attention from a skillful surgeon who had offered his services. He also announced that the races would continue, the handicap for all ages being postponed to the last, and only La Purcelle withdrawn.

A great sigh of relief from the ladies and hearty cheers from the men greeted this information. Racing men were heard complaining of the faulty construction of the course, and pronouncing the abrupt turns dangerous, till the entrance of the horses created a diversion, and the painful excitement died out.

Once more laughing voices were heard as the coming race was eagerly discussed. It was to be a handicap hurdle race over eight hurdles, two mile stretch; and in the admiration called forth by the beautiful appearance of the noble animals, and the excitement of betting, is it to be wondered that the unfortunate opening episode was all but forgotten?

But underneath the seats where the gay crowds were assembled, sight and thought engrossed by the glorious race, it was cool and shady. Here, protected from the glare of the sun, only a blanket from the stables between him and the bare ground, lay Jamie. Over him bent a surgeon, anxiously examining his condition.

One poor woman, in faded garments, whose voice had uttered a piercing shriek heard above the general confusion, had tottered out there, and was bending in an agony of grief over her only child. There he lay moaning on the ground, his bright maroon ribbons soiled with dust, his blue satin suit stained in many places with crimson blood, and his face, begrimed and bleeding, distorted in an agony of pain.

What a sight! and just overhead the gay crowds laughing, chatting and forgetting.

Can she—the heartbroken mother—ever *forget?*

Mr. Tremaine was not a cruel man, although supremely selfish. His first anxiety had been for La Purcelle, the beautiful creature of so many of his hopes and dreams. A veterinary surgeon had pronounced her with no permanent injury, only unfit for the course to-day. His second thought was for the little jockey; and approaching the group under the steps, he, too, bent over Jamie, to start back, shocked and horrified, as he realized that the shattered little life was going out.

"Is there no hope?"

The surgeon shook his head. He had done nothing, but then there was nothing to be done. No need to add to the poor boy's pain by moving him. Where could he be more comfortable, with those cruel tortures of bones driven back into tender flesh and on to quivering nerves by those relentless hoofs? One could not be so cruel as to wish the young spirit to linger in the poor suffering little body.

His dying ears caught the words of the trainer, as he, too, joined the group:

"Bold Pioneer isn't hurt, nor his jockey neither. They're on the track again now."

"I've no heart to hear about it, Turner; our poor Jamie is dying."

The sound of loud cheering from without reached the dulled ears, and a light shone in the rapidly glazing eyes, while the boy even made a faint attempt to raise his body, as he muttered:

"Bold Pioneer has beat—I know he has! Dear Miss Mai said it would break her heart! O, I'm so sorry—so sorry!"

"Hush!" sobbed a woman's voice, in a broken whisper. "Don't think about the races now, mamma's darling. You are dying, Jamie dear. O try to pray—ask Christ to receive your soul!"

But her words fell on insensate ears—for *the little blue jockey was dead.*

TELL ME, HEART!

BY L. M. W.

Tell me, heart, why all this grieving?
Sure, this world is bright and fair;
Why with sighs of sadness heaving,
Burdened with a weight of care?

Golden sunlight on the river
Gilds the ripples as they play,
And the snowy lilies quiver
On its bosom all the day.

Fairest flowers around are blooming,
Lovely in their varied dyes,
Yet a shadow darkly looming
Dims the brightness of thy skies.

O my heart, why all this sorrow?
Still thy life is in its noon.
Will there come no brighter morrow
To confer some blessed boon?

Are the flowers of life all faded,
Nevermore to bloom again,
And thy warm affections shaded,
Wrung by jealous doubt and pain?

Tell me, heart, why this repining,
Fainting with thy inward strife;
Has thy "cloud no silver lining,"
No rainbow mid the storms of life?

Are thy dear ones gone forever,
In the morning of their years?
Crossed the dark and mystic river,
Leaving thee to grief and tears?

Better *that* than lost affection,
Trust betrayed and friendship o'er;
Cast away thy deep dejection,
They have only gone before.

There shall be a brighter dawning;
Learn, O troubled heart, to wait
Till you see the eternal morning,
Gleaming through the golden gate.

New York, Sept., 1874.

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR.

BY AMANDA M. HALE.

I NEVER could quite understand that infatuation of the Londoners, which keeps them sweltering in the dust and heat of the town all through the delicious summer days, when English lanes are sweet with roses and hawthorne, when the turf under English oaks is soft and thick, tempting one to most blissful idleness and day-dreaming, and then sends them into the country just in time to catch it in all its forlorness, when the trees are only gigantic scarecrows, and all the odor and freshness has faded from field and lane.

The sitting of Parliament is, I am aware, the pretext; to me an inadequate and unsatisfactory one, because the world of fashion was as oblivious of my existence as I was indifferent to its own, and the gay human parterre that shone in Hyde Park was to me a poor substitute for the dewy wild flowers that I knew were wasting their sweetness unseen in every nook and shady greenery in this dear generous old England of ours.

But a struggling barrister may not choose his holiday, and so I sat in my chambers in the Temple, and went over musty documents, and grew muddled and moist, and ready to confound parliament and people, but knowing that I must hold on until October, when I meant to run down to Scotland for a few days of grouse shooting.

Imagine then my surprise and delight when quite unexpectedly it became necessary for me to leave town. Tossing over my letters one day, pigeon-holing some, flinging others into the waste-basket, and mentally consigning them all to perdition, I came upon Tom Mallory's great, awkward, schoolboy hand—my own name sprawling over a whole envelop, and adorned with an incredible number of flourishes, which gave it a pretentious, important air, and led me to exclaim that something was up now.

I tore it open hastily, and the next moment had sent it whirling towards the ceiling with a loud hurrah. Tom was going to be married! That was a good one. And married to an heiress! More wonderful and incredible still! Yet there it was in black and white, under Tom's signature.

"I want you to come down," he wrote, "not only to be best man, but in order to arrange some business matters which I had rather entrust to you than to any one else. The old folks—Janet's father and mother, you know—insist upon having most of her property settled on herself, but there's a very pretty estate which I've given them to understand must be put into my hands if I'm to undertake the management of it, for I've no idea of being my wife's steward. We had some words about it, but the old governor came around at last, and I want you here to make everything fast and firm. I want you to see Janet, too. She is the finest girl in the country, and is very much in love with your cousin and friend—Tom Mallory."

I got rather disgusted with my cousin and friend before I finished the letter. Tom had never been a favorite of mine, and it was never a source of pride to me that he bore my family name, and was my cousin though three or four times removed. He was a big burly fellow, twice my size, and used to fag me at Eton most unmercifully. I tried to revenge myself when I grew older by pelting him with squibs and satires, but the fellow had no sensitiveness, and never knew when my pointed arrows went home. He was something of a prig, and a good deal of a scamp. Indeed I had strong suspicions that he was an undeveloped villain. Not that he had ever robbed a bank, or been concerned in house-breaking, or been a defaulter to the extent of a million or so, or in any way distinguished himself. Circumstances make or mar us all, and circumstances had never been favorable to the development of Tom's genius. That was why he had hitherto passed most of his time idling about at country houses, insignificant and unnoticed, instead of setting the crowd agape by what the newspapers euphemistically call a "bold unscrupulous evasion of the law."

A pretty account to give of my relations, you will say. But I cannot help that.

Respectable families have had discreditable members ever since that unfortunate homicide in Eden a good many years ago. But I confess that latterly I had rather dropped Tom, partly from a dislike of him, and partly from an idea that he wasn't an altogether desirable connection for a young man who has his way to make, and doesn't want to be bespattered with anybody else's foulness. This being so, it seemed rather mean for me to catch so heartily at the idea of going down to the wedding. As I thought it over I was half inclined not to go, but the longing for a breath of country air conquered my scruples. I had some curiosity too, to see the bride.

Of course I knew Tom was an heiress hunter. What was then left for the younger son of a not very opulent family who was too lazy and dull for any of the working professions?

And so Tom had succeeded. I imagined I knew what the bride was like, stout and muscular, weighing at least one hundred and sixty pounds avoirdupois, a complexion of that rubicund character which comes from plenty of ale and haggis, and a superfluity of the damp cold bracing air of her native lochs and mountains. I grew so sure of the fidelity of my portrait that I really began to pity Tom, and to think that he had paid dearly for his heiress; for if there is anything distasteful to me, it is to see the feminine human soul smothered in music and fat. I couldn't fall in love with Venus herself if she was uncomfortably large. Poor Tom!

I went down to Edinburgh in quite a complacent, contented frame of mind. I wasn't to be sure going to marry an heiress, but when I found the little fairy who was my ordeal—God bless her!—I should be able to support her with my own strong brain and willing hand. I didn't envy Tom in the least, not I.

An hour after leaving Edinburgh the train set me down in the loveliest little valley that lay between the Tweed and the Thames. There was nobody at the station to meet me, but the railway porter pointed to a high red brick house on a hillside a little way up the valley.

"You go in by the gate upon the road, sir. You can see the house plainly now, but as you approach it, it is lost in the foliage. The avenue is a mile long or more, but you must push on."

I pushed on accordingly, in spite of the density of the wood, which led me to fear that I was losing myself, and at last came upon an open green lawn in the very heart of the wood, a bright sunny place, with a flower garden at the further end of it, and a little tinkling fountain that sang through the green stillness as low and softly as if it were a fairy's home.

But I gave only one hasty glance around, for there just at the foot of the steps that led up to the door, stood Miss Janet Douglass. I could not doubt that it was she, tall, ponderous, florid—she was all my fancy had painted her. I took off my hat at once.

"Miss Douglass, is it not?"

She turned her blue eyes upon me. There was a steely gleam in them that made me shiver. After taking a cool survey of me, she said in a deep bass voice that she was Miss Douglass, and I was the Mr. Mallory that Tom had been expecting, she added?

I assured her that I had that honor, and then she put out her hand and said with a smile that showed a very handsome set of artificial teeth:

"I am very happy to see you, sir, and so, too, will poor dear Tom be, I am sure. He often says of you that you are just the same as a brother to him. Poor dear Tom has such an affectionate heart, didn't I think so?" she added.

I stammered out what I hope was a harmless white lie, and sat down, amused and perplexed. It was certainly very frank and *naïve* of her to call him dear Tom, and must be very gratifying to him; but why "poor" Tom? I didn't presume to ask, however, but sat, I hope patiently, while Miss Douglass made conversation. She told me what was the amount of taxes which her father paid, enlightened me as to the net income of the place, and confided to me her opinion of Huddleston, the head manager, who appeared from all she said of him, to be a very worthless sort of a fellow. She also gave me a detailed account of the MacVicars, neighbors of theirs, who lived some five miles away, and how it came about that the engagement between the eldest Miss MacVicars and Sir Aleck Wallace was broken off, and how he felt, and how she felt, and how their dear five hundred friends felt, all of which, as I did not know, and devoutly hoped I never

should know the parties, was, you may imagine, very interesting to me. Just as she had reached that limit beyond which I am sure human endurance must have ceased, there was a diversion made by a stylish dray being driven up to the door.

An exclamation from Miss Douglass startled me.

"O dear, dear! Mr. Mallory, run out directly, do."

I did so. There were only ladies in the vehicle, and the horses, a handsome spirited pair of bays, were not at all inclined to be controlled by the slender hands that held the reins, and were backing and plunging in a manner quite terrifying to weak nerves. It was the work of a moment to seize the bridle, and then I looked up at the occupants of the carriage.

Two of the girls, handsome stylish brunettes, were screaming with terror, and only recovered their equanimity when I assured them repeatedly that all danger was past. The third, who held the reins, was a little delicate creature, scarcely more than a child in size, with a lovely spirituelle face, framed in bands of brown hair that lay across her forehead as smooth and plain as a nun's. The large soft hazel eyes were dilated with fright, and the sweet face was as white as snow. As I helped her to alight, she said, tremulously:

"Thank you very much. I was afraid to drive the bays, but Tom insisted that I might, and so we left him at Ilderton."

"Left him at Ilderton!" Miss Douglass had rushed out and now began *in medias res*. "The naughty fellow! Doesn't he know that Mr. Mallory must be come by this time? I should have thought, Nettie—"

She broke off short here, and looking around I caught a glimpse of the little lady's garments as she fled up stairs. Miss Douglass looked abashed for an instant, but presently recovering her composure, introduced me to the Miss MacVicars. They were dashing brilliant girls, and there was an interchange of sharp jests for a few minutes; then the ladies went to dress for dinner, and I strolled off upon the lawn to enjoy my cigar. I took two or three turns around the garden, admiring the pure white lilies and the rosy splendor of the oleanders, and then threw myself down under a tree, and presently fell into a drowse.

I was soon awakened by a shout loud and sonorous enough for a view-halloa. I gathered myself up, sleepily.

"Is that you, Tom?"

Of course it was he, and I am bound to confess that time had not improved his looks, and he was never a beauty. But I thought of Miss Douglass, and remembered that matches were made in heaven.

"Have you seen her?" said Tom, presently.

"Miss Douglass? Yes."

"Isn't she a stunner?" asked Tom, enthusiastically.

"She is indeed!" I said, warmly.

"I knew you'd think so!" rejoined Tom. "Just in your style, isn't she? I always thought that if you'd seen her first, you'd have fallen in love with her yourself."

"Indeed!" I said, dryly. Tom was so conceited and satisfied, that I couldn't resist the temptation of giving him an ugly little poke, so I added, "Don't you think, though, my dear fellow, that there is rather too much of her?"

Tom stared at me for a moment, and then laughed, uproarously.

"By Jove, that is a good one!" he said, when he could speak.

"And who are the Miss MacVicars?" I said, presently, for I was cautiously feeling my way towards an inquiry after my little beauty.

"Nice girls," said Tom, warmly, "especially Flora. Aint she sharp on a flirtation, though—carries a man beyond his depth before he knows it."

I listened to Tom's coarse speech, and looking up into his coarse face wondered whether Miss Douglass would not box his ears if she were there.

I had a great repugnance to asking any more questions of Tom, but in the end my eagerness to know something of the pretty brown-haired fairy conquered.

"And who was the little lady that drove home with them?" I asked, as carelessly as I could.

"What," said Tom, "what lady? I didn't know anybody drove home with them. I should think there were enough of them in the house now."

"I mean the pretty brown-haired girl who held the reins when the horses came dashing up the avenue. Her face was as white as snow, but it was a very lovely one, nevertheless."

Tom stared at me, an expression of won-

der beginning to creep over his face.

"Was she fair, and had she curls?" he asked.

"Yes."

"What did she wear?"

"Some delicate gray stuff, and, O, there was a jaunty feather in her cap. What in Heaven's name are you staring so for?"

Tom burst out laughing. He laughed till he grew so red that I was in mortal fear of apoplexy, and only came round at last when I threatened to hold him under the fountain.

"Why, you blockhead," he gasped at length. "That was Janet."

"Janet Douglass! the girl whom you are going to marry?" I said, after a moment's speechless astonishment.

"Of course. Why, Hal, I thought you said you had seen her."

"I—I thought I had," I stammered. "I thought the tall one was Miss Janet."

"You did? Why, that is Miss Mary, daughter of the first Mrs. Douglass, you see. Did you think I was going to marry her? Give me credit for better taste, Hal. Besides, she hasn't a penny. Janet's fortune comes from her mother; the Douglass family are as poor as church mice. And so you took the old girl for Janet? Do you know I meant you should marry her? O, you needn't be angry. You see I knew she would make a dead set at you the moment she saw you, and that she did I see now by your face."

Just here the dinner bell sounded, and we went in. In the dining-room I was introduced to Mr. Douglass, a hale old gentleman, full of prejudice and bigotry, with a leaven of superstition, but warm-hearted and affable.

The Miss MacVicars appeared in a jaunty costume that suited their piquant style to a charm. Miss Flora, especially, looked so pretty, and ogled Tom in such a bewitching manner, to Tom's evident delight, that I couldn't help thinking Miss Janet's heart must ache a little, if she loved Tom. But she sat there in her pretty muslin dress, looking as fresh, and pure, and calm as a lily. Her face was as innocent as a child's, and her manner as unaffected. Before dinner was over, I was more than half in love with her myself—though, indeed, I had been that from the first—and began to grudge Tom his good fortune in winning the love of such a girl.

But had he won it? Some curious doubts began to grow up in my mind. I watched her when she would look up into his face, and fancied those sweet blue eyes would have had a different expression if looking into the face of the man she loved. I was not young and foolish enough to imagine that betrothal necessarily included the idea of love. That illusion had faded along with a good many pleasant fictions which I had believed in when I was younger. She might be going to marry him for any one of the fifty reasons that are sure to influence more or less such a decision.

Here then was a chance for a romantic melodrama. All the elements were upon the spot; if I had been a Frenchman, I dare say I should have made love to her, and supplanted Tom; then there would have been an elopement, a pursuit, a duel, and a bloody denouement. But being only a commonplace young Englishman, with some old-fashioned notions concerning honor and propriety, I contented myself with confounding Tom's luck, and growing sentimental over my cigar, in the solitude of my own room.

It was a glorious summer night; the moon, round and large, flooded the world in a brightness, yellow and warm, and far lovelier than daylight; so clear, too, that as I leaned forward from my window to catch the breath of the oleanders, I could plainly see the outline of the leaves and blossoms.

It was past twelve o'clock, and the country lay still under the moonlight, so still, that when I pushed aside the woodbine that clambered over my window, the long branches shook with a rustle and a stir that filled all the air.

My cigar was burned down at last, and I rose to go to bed; the silence and the beauty of the night weighed upon me. Just as I put my hand upon the window curtain to lower it, a loud curdling shriek broke upon the awful stillness, a cry so full of agony and horror that I was thrilled with fright. In an instant I had rushed from the room, and ran along the corridor in the direction from whence the sound proceeded.

The sound of heavy convulsive sobs arrested me, coming from the apartment which I knew was Miss Janet's. I burst open the door, without a moment's hesitation. She was cowering upon the floor, her long hair floating over her shoulders, and

her face white and wild. I lifted her up, and she clung to me, sobbing pitifully, but her eyes were quite dry and dilated, and the pretty mouth quivered and worked in vain attempts to speak.

I prayed her to be composed, and tell me what had terrified her, but before she had in the least degree calmed herself, the whole household were upon the spot, overwhelming us with questions and exclamations. The poor child looked from one to another, and trembled like a frightened bird.

"What is the matter, Janet? Can't you speak, and tell us what is the matter?" said Miss Douglass, speaking up distinct and loud, as one does to a deaf person.

"Wait, I pray," I said, impatiently. "Don't you see she is incapable of speaking? Bring some wine, somebody."

Somebody brought wine. It was Tom, and as he gave it to her, he muttered something about woman's nerves. I did not catch it all, but I think Janet did, for the color began to come back to her face, and she withdrew herself from my arms.

"Thank you! I can stand now, I think," she said, faintly.

We gave her more wine, and then Flora MacVicars coming to her side, said:

"Now, dear, can't you tell us what frightened you?" The tone was very gentle, but I noticed that her black eyes were as bright as diamonds.

Janet's lips moved once or twice before any sound was audible. At length she said, low and solemnly:

"I have had a warning?"

A sudden pallor and gravity fell upon the group. No one spoke except Tom, who exclaimed, "Fudge!"

Janet's eyes turned upon him, full of melancholy reproach.

"I have had a warning, Tom," she repeated, still in that solemn frightened tone.

"What was it, dear? Tell us all about it," said Flora MacVicars.

Janet seemed to try to gather firmness for the story, and her face blanched, and her lips grew tense, as she said:

"I saw my face in the mirror!"

There was an exclamation from Miss Douglass and her father, and as I looked up, I almost smiled at the alarm in their faces. Superstition is a part of the Scotch nature, and the Douglass family had a broad deep vein of it.

"I had been trying on some of my bridal things," said Janet, flushing a little, "and standing before the mirror to see the effect, and last of all, I put on this white wrapper. I had been in front of the glass, and I think I had forgotten what I was doing, for I was not looking at myself, only thinking steadily. But by-and-by I looked up—full into the mirror—and then beside my face and figure was another face and figure—in white, like myself. I gazed at it a moment, and then—I don't know what I did then—I suppose I shrieked."

There was a moment's silence, and then I said:

"Are you sure the face was your own?"

"Yes, only," and here she shuddered, "it was ghastly white, like a dead person's."

Nobody spoke at once, but in a moment Flora MacVicars whispered:

"It is a sign that she will die before the year is out."

Janet caught it, and turned around with a sharp cry.

"Yes, I am going to die, and O, I am afraid to die!"

Afraid to die? Was that strange? A young creature full of warm life, her blood alive and quick, her nerves alert and sensitive, clinging tenaciously to the dear old familiar earth, to go out suddenly and alone—Where? Can one do more than guess? Only that we are sure that no smallest corner of the universe is outside of God's ken. But we forget that too often, and I looked at Janet with a pity that I could not express. Yet I thought if I were her lover, I should surely take her in my arms and soothe, if I could not reason, away her alarm.

But Tom stood by like a stupid lout as he was, while I went on volubly about optical delusions, and a great deal of unintelligible nonsense. But it was of no use. Janet only shook her head sadly, silenced but not convinced, and at last we—the gentlemen—went away, leaving her to her sister and the Miss MacVicars.

I had reflected a great deal upon the hold which a traditional superstition may acquire over a naturally intelligent mind, but I was not prepared for the astounding news that greeted me when I descended to the breakfast-room the next morning. There was to be no wedding, after all.

"No wedding?" I echoed, in surprise.

"No!" Janet said it with a fixed immovable face. She was appointed to die, and marriage would be a mockery, she said. Nothing could shake her resolution. Reason and ridicule were alike useless. The old Scotch superstition was too strong to be uprooted.

"She should never go to the kirk a bride. The veil and the orange flowers were not for her."

Tom fumed, and pished, and sulked, and finally appealed to Janet's father. But Mr. Douglass, believing as implicitly in the "warning" as Janet did herself, dared not exert his authority, and Miss Douglass had cried her eyes and nose red, and was altogether in such a collapsed and incapable state, that she could not make an effort in Tom's behalf.

So two or three days went by, and Janet remained immovable. Under these circumstances Tom developed fast. At last there was a scene in the library. Tom's words stole out to where I sat with my cigar upon the piazza. They were coarse and brutal, and I started up with a sudden indignant impulse. But then came Janet's tones, soft and low between little choking sobs.

"I am afraid I don't love you, Tom. I have been afraid that I did not for a long time; now I am almost sure of it. I think, perhaps, God meant to keep us apart. I am not sure, Tom, but I had rather die than marry you."

Tom came out, presently. I was almost afraid my face would betray my satisfaction to him. But he was as mole-eyed as usual.

"It's all up," he said, sullenly. "I don't care, though," with a half laugh. "There are as good fish in the sea as ever swam. What do you think of Miss MacVicars?"

"She will do very well," I said. And so I thought. And so did Tom, for two months afterwards, when I was back in the Temple burrowing among law papers, he wrote to say they were married, and were going abroad.

Somehow Janet's natty little figure became ubiquitous. She peeped out of musty folios, hid between the leaves of Coke and Littleton, and came between me and many a grim-faced client. At length, towards the last of the year, I wrote to Miss Douglass inquiring for her sister, and begging that I might pay them a visit.

Her letter in reply came promptly. Janet was very delicate, growing thin and white every day, yet there was no apparent physical ailment; if she could be tided safely over the New Year, it would all be well. If I would come and help them through it, they would be thankful.

I went down at once. Janet was lovelier than ever, paler, more spirituelle, her large eyes unnaturally bright, her breath coming fast at the least excitement. I had consulted a London physician before I went down, and now proceeded to put his directions into practice. I walked, rode and sang with her; I told her all the stories I could remember, and invented new ones, and made her laugh in spite of herself; I read romances, I charmed her with poetry. It would have been a dangerous practice for me, if I had not been willing to accept the results.

At length the last night of the old year came. She had been in a fever all day, and at dark there was a crimson rose upon each cheek. If midnight passed and nothing happened, she confessed, half crying, half smiling, she should think the warning was not going to come true. She walked the house all day, unable to sit still. At dusk I heard her say, "Now we shall soon know."

By-and-by I coaxed her to listen to the beautiful idyl of Enid. It was new to her, and she could not help listening, though her eyes frequently wandered away toward the clock, which was fast moving on to the midnight. Finishing Enid, I read here and there in the volume, and the music of the verse soothed her, though she presently lost all idea of the sense. At last to my great joy she fell asleep. When she awoke, I leaned over her, and wished her a happy new year. The blue eyes opened wide. They sought the clock.

It was half past one.

"Yes, dear. The old year has gone, and with it the frightful phantom, isn't it?"

Her eyes slowly filled.

"I should have died but for you," she said.

"I think you would. But I shall show you how you can pay me." And I did.

Whether Miss MacVicars had anything to do with the face in the mirror I never knew, but I have my suspicions.

LOVE CONQUERS.

BY ADA L. FLETCHER.

SHE had stolen away from the rest of the crowd, and was standing beneath the shade of a giant oak tree, looking with dreamy eyes up into the wilderness of leaves which the frost king was touching with his transforming fingers, turning the delicate modest green into crimson, and scarlet, and gold. Her face had nothing remarkable about it except the eyes, which were a rather startling contrast to the other commonplace irregular features—so large, so dark, so wonderfully, *spiritually* bright were they. People who looked casually at her face when it was in repose, or the eyes downcast, pronounced Eugenie Holmes a "very homely girl indeed," and wondered "what there was about her people found so attractive." But if they lingered near her until the lashes were lifted, and the face lighted by interest or enthusiasm, or listened to the clear sweet voice in conversation or argument, they marvelled no longer why there was always a crowd about her, while other girls, with faultless faces, and manners, and dress, were either left to themselves or joined the number of her admirers. She did not know the secret of her power herself, and often wondered at it when looking at her own plain face, and thinking of others who possessed the beauty her artist soul worshipped and her woman's heart coveted.

It was late in the season, this rural picnic, planned by Eugenie, who never did anything like any one else, and who waited till October for her excursion to the woods, when the beautiful Indian summer was bathing them with glory. Though pleasantly warm in the sunlight, here in the shadow where she was standing the air was chilly, and the little scarlet shawl wrapped about her shoulders just then was very gratefully received.

"You are very kind," she said, turning to the intruder on her solitude, "to think of me when I was not thinking of myself."

"When would you ever think of yourself, Genie?" he said, with a tender cadence in his voice, that brought a swift rush of color to the girl's pale cheek that told her story plainly enough. "We have all got into the habit of thinking for you," he went on, lightly. "But I must disclaim the merit of thinking of the shawl. I was standing out there with the rest, admiring the picture you made here in this fairy bower, in your cool white robes, when little Eda came running to me with orders from mother, 'to go and tell Eugenie to put this shawl on, right straight;' and so, like a dutiful son, I came. Had you better not come out in the sunlight?"

The light in his eyes was as tender as his voice, as he stood looking down at her from the height of his six feet of noble young manhood; the whole face showing his longing then and there to take the slight figure in his arms to his heart, and tell her of the wealth of love that was hers. And he would have done it, only there were two sides to Earl Courtney's nature. Instead, he only drew the little hand within his arm, and the two went out together toward one of the many groups scattered about the place. A clamor of voices reached them as they drew nearer.

"There's Eugenie!" cried one voice louder than the rest; and a beautiful girl, Earl Courtney's sister, and Eugenie's dearest friend, sprang toward them. "I'll ask her," she said.

"What is the subject of discussion, Pet?" And Earl threw his arm carelessly about his sister, and drew her to him, facing the crowd, causing Jack Harold to cry out, "Come now, old fellow! that's not fair;" and bringing a blush to the already flushed face of the girl.

"Why, I'll tell you," she said. "There's Jack Harold getting up an argument on the subject of long engagements! He says, for instance, that no matter how devotedly a young man may love a girl, if he is poor, and has to win a home before he can take a wife, he has no right to ask her to wait for him; to 'spoil her chance for a better match,' he says, by binding her to him, even if he knows she loves him." And Pet Courtney's blue eyes flashed disdainfully at "that hateful Jack" as she finished.

"And what do you say?" queried Earl, looking fondly down at the bright face raised to his.

"I said that I thought it was a duty every man owed the woman he loved, whether he thought she loved him or not, to *tell her so*, and give her the choice, at least, of clinging to him or 'waiting for a better match.' Now what do you think?"

Earl's voice grew serious as he answered:

"I know you are sneering at Jack's practical ideas of love and marriage, Pet, but, dear child, such things have to be looked at practically! I hold with Jack that no man has a right to mar any woman's life, to dim the brightness of her youth, by asking her to wait for him an indefinite time, thus wasting the best years of her life; and it is his duty to leave her free to make the more 'fortunate match,' if she finds it. And I hold that, even if he loves her, and knows she loves him, as a true man, he will stifle that love, if he cannot, by reason of poverty, make her his wife, and never let her know it. He must not look at his own happiness, but hers. Even if she loves him, if she does not know of his love, she will try to conquer hers, and so will not slight a better offer. Now, Eugenie?"

"Yes, now Eugenie?" cried Pet, turning swiftly toward her. "Tell us what you think. In all their talk these gentlemen seem to have forgotten that there may be such a thing as a true woman's heart; one that is not always thinking of the worldly advantages of a good match, but would rather spend a lifetime waiting for the man she loved, than marry to-morrow the Prince of Wales, if she didn't love him."

"Romance! romance!" sneered Jack. But Earl was looking at Eugenie, who had slipped her hand out of his arm, and, with her great eyes wide open in their wonderful beauty, and full of intense feeling that transformed her face, was standing erect at his side. She did not speak for some moments, and there was perfect silence in the crowd as they waited. Then she said, in her slow sweet way:

"I do not agree with any of you entirely. No, not even with you, Pet, though you have the best side of the argument, darling. I agree with Mr. Harold so far that I do not believe in long engagements. I think if a man loves a woman—a woman, not a child—as a man should love before he thinks of marriage, and he thinks she loves him, it is his bounden duty to go to that woman with his heart in his hand; not to ask her to wait for him, but to ask her, if she loves him, *to be his wife then*—to be his helpmeet in the struggle with the world. And if the woman is the true woman Pet describes (there are such in the world, gentlemen, though it is fashionable to doubt it), she will ask nothing better than to share his life—even hardships, if hardships there must be! In my creed, he or she who crucifies love for the sake of worldly motives is not worthy of love. As for true love being concealed, as Mr. Courtney says, I do not and never can believe that possible."

There was the faintest note of contempt in her voice in the latter sentence that did not escape Earl's quick ears; but as he was about to answer Mrs. Courtney broke up the group with a single sentence, "Get ready every one of you for home. The sun is almost down. Pet, Genie, I want you to help me gather up the children."

In the bustle of departure he did not find a chance to speak to her again, but he did not forget a word she had said, and meant to have it "out with her," as he expressed it that night. When everybody else was ready he found her with his little sister Eda, looking for a pair of mislaid gloves. Stopping to help her, he said, in his cool willful way:

"Run on and get your seat in the carriage, Eda. Mother is calling you, and Genie, you know, rides home with me."

"You are taking a good deal for granted," she said, with the shy sweet smile that was for no one but Earl.

"It's a way I have," he answered. "Come on now, and let the gloves go. It is getting late, and mother will never cease scolding me if you are the least bit hoarse to-morrow."

In a few moments they were whirling away over the smooth river road, and not until they were out of sight of all the rest did Earl let the reins fall loose on "Prince Charlie's" handsome neck.

"That was an interesting discussion we were having to-day, Genie," he said. "But you were all wrong, my dear friend! all wrong. Your way would do very well for a romance in a novel, but never for real life."

"And yours," she said, "for the cold scheming match-makers and heart-break-

ers of France, but never for real living human hearts. I tell you, Earl, a true genuine love will assert itself in spite of all caution and will. He never really loves who can conceal that love."

"Spoken like an oracle," he said, with a little laugh, but even then thrilling with triumph at the love for him he could not help but read in the depths of the clear eyes and in the tremulous mouth. "But still all wrong. Let us suppose a case now, Eugenie. Suppose I were to love a woman *now* with all my heart and soul, and had an idea that she loved me. Yet here I am, nearly twenty-five years old, with nothing on earth but poverty to promise any woman who would link her fate to mine for years to come. The woman I love (merely suppositions, of course) is young, charming, and bound, in the nature of things, to have more than one brilliant offer of luxury and ease. Would you not call me the most selfish of men either to marry her now and burden her with poverty and care, or chain her with promises and bind her with vows, thus debarring her from better things?"

"I would call you the most cruel of men," she answered, "if you thought she loved you and did not tell her of your love, but left her to starve and die, as she surely would if she really loved you."

He would not look at her now—he dared not, but went on:

"And as for concealing love, Eugenie, I know it can be done from experience."

"Then you never loved," she cried, passionately. "You can never convince me of that."

He turned quickly, and their eyes met. "Eugenie!" he cried. Then, with an effort of the iron will which was his boast, he turned away again; and until they had nearly reached home not another word was spoken. But each of those two proud souls knew that it was beloved by the other then as truly as if the words had been spoken. And while he was longing to take her in his arms and kiss the red trembling lips, as he called her his promised wife, prudence said, "No; you can best prove that you love her by leaving her free!"

And while she was longing to lay her head on his shoulder and whisper, "Give up the struggle, Earl; darling, I love you well enough to share your poverty," pride said to her, "Never! He does not love you, or he would tell you so."

He had driven home by such a winding way it was twilight when they reached the house, which was home to both. As they drove through the gate, he said:

"You knew I was to start for California next week, Genie?"

"Yes, I had heard it," she said, carelessly. "Do you think you shall like it?"

He gave her no answer to this, and they did not see each other again that night. But when the hazy moonlight of the glorious Indian summer was throwing its weird gleams over all, Earl Courtney was walking his room with feverish steps, the burden of his thoughts, "O Heaven! how can I give her up?" And in another chamber not far distant a little figure, prone upon the floor by the open window, lifted a wild despairing face to the unpitying sky, while the pale lips murmured, "O Heaven! I give him up."

Earl Courtney and Eugenie Holmes had been as brother and sister from childhood. He remembered as well as if it had been yesterday when the little shrinking child of four years, with the starry eyes and wistful mouth, was brought home by his father; and he, a sturdy boy of eight, was given especial charge of her by his mother, who told him the brief sad story of her life. Of how her father, for whom he had been named, an artist by nature and by choice, had gone to Italy six years before, had wooed and won a beautiful Italian girl, Eugenie's mother, and then had died and left them. And now the mother was dead, and by her father's will Eugenie was given to them. He remembered, too, how the little girl clung to him and followed him about, and when the other boys twitted him about being "tied to a girl's apron string" his hot temper blazed forth, and they were glad to let him alone. Then, by the provisions of her father's strange will, she was taken from them and placed in the rigid New England boarding-school, that was just the discipline her impetuous over-enthusiastic nature needed; and they had not seen each other for five years until this summer. And his heart had acknowledged the strange power the girl wielded upon every one who came within her sphere, and he loved her.

Eugenie remembered all this, too, and her experience had been the same, with the exception that her heart had never

ceased to love the noble chivalrous youth who had been her childish protector and defender; but the feeling was deepened and intensified when she saw him in his perfected manhood, the loving dutiful son, the tender watchful brother, and her own kind affectionate friend. She was a woman having loved once to love forever, and she knew it.

The week that followed the autumn picnic was all too swift in its passing for the mother and sisters of Earl Courtney, who bewailed his going bitterly.

"I had thought he would stay here," said his mother to Eugenie, as she bent above her boy's trunk only the day before he was to leave, her tears falling fast as she spoke. "Here in his native town, and take his father's place and practice. What is taking him away, Eugenie?" looking up suddenly into the girl's pale face.

Eugenie knew what the mother's suspicions were, but the clear eyes met hers unflinchingly as she answered, carelessly:

"He thinks he can make more money, perhaps."

"Yes," he answered for himself, coming in through the open bay window. "There is always law trouble in California, and always gold to pay for it. And I can't rest, mother dear, while that mortgage weighs us down."

As he bent to his mother's side and put his arm around her, Eugenie escaped from the room. She knew that both Mrs. Courtney and Pet thought Earl had offered her his heart and been refused, and she could not undeceive them. "Whereas," she thought, bitterly, "it was just the other way." And she went into the dim cool parlor to "play her trouble off at her finger ends," as Pet would have said.

While sitting there in the rapidly gathering darkness, her fingers wandering over the keys in an aimless way that still produced the sweetest music, she heard no step on the soft carpet, and had no thought but that she was alone, until suddenly she felt herself drawn into a close embrace, while kiss after kiss was pressed upon lips, cheek and brow.

"Eugenie, my darling," whispered a voice that made her blood bound in her veins, "Eugenie, my darling, it is hard, but it is best! Good-by, and may God forever bless the only woman I shall ever love!" And Earl was gone, leaving her to sink upon the floor in an ecstasy of mingled sorrow and bliss. This was their parting, for she could not bear to see him after that, and he went away in the early morning, his heart aching, yet proud in its certainty of right.

Five years with all their changes have passed before we see Eugenie again. After Earl's departure she felt as though she would die if she remained longer inactive, and therefore accepted the situation offered her as one of the many assistant teachers in the seminary of which she was a graduate. And there to-night we find her in her lonely little room, with her aching head supported on her hand, as her weary eyes run over the batch of humdrum schoolgirl "compositions" before her, which must be all "corrected" before she sleeps. Her life has been a very monotonous one during these years, and though many a hand filled with jewels and gold has been extended to help her out of the slough of poverty and labor, the steadfast heart has never faltered in its allegiance to the man who weakly left her to struggle alone, when just the simple expression and assurance of his love would have made the years seem but golden moments. And she has not been idle. Besides her success as a teacher, her name already ranks high as an authoress, and what is better still, her bank account increases, and it will not be long until Eugenie Holmes is a rich woman by her own efforts. She is undeniably proud of this, and shall we wonder?

She heard from Earl once in a long while through Pet's letters, and the news was always encouraging. He has had both health and good luck. The mortgage has been lifted long ago, and in a few years more he hopes to come home "rich enough to make us all happy," Pet says he says. "It takes more than money for that," thought Eugenie, as she glanced at this letter on the night we find her again. Her lip curls involuntarily, and one can see how much colder and prouder her face has grown with time. That was a hard blow that came upon her young heart that October evening long ago, and she has let it harden instead of soften her life. She was so full of love and faith in those days, and her strong earnest nature has gone from one extreme to another. She believes in nothing now, and every line of her writing shows the cloud of cynicism and skepticism that rests upon mind and heart. It is only a cloud, though

she tries hard to make it reality, and even tries to convince herself that she no longer loves Earl Courtney, when the very sight of his name to-night in this letter of Pet's made her heart bound. This is what Pet says: "I want you to come home, Eugenie, if you ever loved any of us, and especially if you ever loved me. For you must know that in 'the leafy month of June' I have consented to make Jack Harold either the happiest or most miserable of men! He says he can't tell which himself! Do you remember our argument on the subject of long engagements that day in the woods? Jack says he loved me then, and took that way to let me know why he didn't ask me to marry him or wait for him. He says he is hardly able to marry now, but he sees I am determined to wait for him anyway, and he takes pity on me! Do come, Eugenie. Earl will be at home then for the first time in five long years, and I know home will not seem like home to him without you."

Eugenie determined to go; not because she would see Earl, but because Pet was dearer to her than was any other living thing (she felt about Earl exactly as if he were dead), and she wants to gratify her; and this with a natural desire to see once again the home of her childhood, makes her write to Pet before she sleeps that she will come.

When Eugenie reached the station she had not seen in so long, it was just at the dawn of a glorious morning in June; and as she was one day ahead of the appointed time, there was no one there to meet her. However, it was only a mile to the Courtney place, and she had walked it often; so she left her luggage in the little waiting-room and went on, feeling lighter of heart than she had felt since she left it. As she drew near the house the sun was just touching the windows, and there were very few signs of life about the house. The servants, however, were up, and had opened the doors, and she went in unseen. Only the parlor door was open inside, and as she stepped within it she started with surprise; for on the large old-fashioned sofa Earl was lying, his head pillowed on his travelling-shawl, his valise by his side, and his whole appearance showing that he had not long arrived, and weary and worn with his journey, had gone to sleep there without awaking the family. Holding her breath almost, that he might not hear and waken, she came closer to the sofa and looked down into the face of the sleeper. How different this meeting from what she had imagined! She had determined to be so cool and distant from the very first that he would know she had ceased to love him; but now he was asleep, and would never know, so she did not care if her eyes were wet with tears, and the color coming and going in her cheek. And as she bent above him, the love that had become a part of her being overwhelmed her, and bending still lower, she kissed the broad white forehead. Just at that moment Earl awakened, but he could not tell whether the kiss that roused him were a dream or a blessed reality; for all he saw was a little figure at the piano, whose sweet voice soon filled the room with melody in that sweet old ballad "Home Again." His voice joined hers, and ere the song was finished one after another of the family had joined them, until the reunion was complete. And a joyful noisy reunion it was. Earl had come on the train that reached the station an hour before Eugenie's, and coming to the house, had opened the window and found rest on the sofa. That was the explanation. In the surprise and happiness of the moment Eugenie could not put her "cold distant" policy into action; but it was not long before Earl saw and noted the change in her manner, and it made his heart sink within him. For if possible, this long silent trial had only made the young man's love deeper and more tender, and he felt that now he could take her to his heart confident that he could make her lifepath easy. But the days went by, and they drew no closer together, and Earl began to believe that the heart he coveted had been given to some one else. He determined at least that he would know; and one evening, finding her alone in the parlor, sitting by the open window, with the far-away look in her beautiful eyes he remembered so well, he knelt at her side and told her again the "old old story," his voice trembling with intensity of feeling. Told her how he had loved her and longed for her five years before, but for her sake had sacrificed his own selfish pleasure, and left her free. She heard him through, her only sign of emotion the little trembling hand that played with the heavy tassel of the damask curtain, longing again to lay her tired head on his shoulder and tell him, "I loved you then even as I love

you now, and shall love you always;" but her evil demon pride sealed the words on her lips; and so when he had finished, she rose and stood looking down, with not an infinite love, but an infinite scorn in her eyes. The voice that spoke was harsh and discordant.

"Earl Courtney," she said, "five years ago you had my heart at your feet, and you knew it. But for the sake of worldly caution and prudence you trampled it beneath them and left it to bleed and die, and went away, calling yourself a hero and a martyr, because you would not prevent my marrying a richer man, when you knew that I could never love again. You left me to struggle alone through the five years that ought to have been the happiest of my life, until I have no love or trust left in me. I have no heart to give you now!" And she swept from the room, leaving him crushed and dazed—with something perhaps of the feeling that was in her heart on that night so long ago. But he saw his conduct in a light he had never seen it in before, and he knew she was right. Saw how much happier they might have been together through the struggle, and how much easier love and sympathy would have made it for both. He could have cursed himself for his own cold calculating folly.

It was the night of the wedding, and an hour later they stood together as bridemaid and groomsman, with not a trace of what had passed in their faces. They mutually shunned each other that evening, and were both heartily glad when it was over, and they were free to go to their rooms for quiet and thought. Earl had brought his small fortune home with him, to invest it there, and having not yet made up his mind as to the best way, the money was still in his possession; and as he went to his trunk and saw the package there, he thought how gladly he would give it all up if he could stand just where he did five years before, and have his happiness in his own hands again. He did not know how soon part of the wish was to be realized! Just before daybreak of that eventful night he was awakened by the awful cry of "Fire!" and sprang to his feet, only to find the very room he was in in a blaze, and to hear the fire rushing swiftly through the other parts of the house. He fought his way out—how, he never knew, and, blinded and almost suffocated, he reeled out on the lawn, to find all the family there but himself, his sisters screaming with fright, and his mother upon her knees praying for her boy, whom they had tried in vain to raise.

"Where is Eugenie?" he asked.

"She was here a few moments ago," said Pet, wildly, "and asked for you. O my God!" she cried, pointing toward one of the windows of the burning house, where the slight figure of the girl was plainly visible, "she has gone back."

With a numbed dead feeling he watched her pass into the room—it seemed to him into the very jaws of death—and the next moment, with burned bleeding fingers he was climbing up the lattice-work of the old porch, that was still unharmed, calling her with every breath to come to him. And she came with unhesitating confidence to his arms; and he brought her safely down. When they had reached a little summer-house apart from the rest, he did not release her, but stood looking deep into her eyes.

"Why did you go back into the burning house, Eugenie?" he asked.

"Because I thought you were still there," she said, almost in a whisper.

"And why should you have cared?"

"Because—O Earl! I love you. I have always loved you!" And she buried her face in his bosom.

"My darling!" he whispered. "But, Eugenie," he said, "do you know I am even a poorer man than I was five years ago? for I lost everything I have made in that fire, and we shall have the struggle all over again."

"But together, Earl," she said, lifting her glorious eyes with the lovelight in their depths to his.

"Yes, darling, together!"

And so in the midst of that awful scene love conquered; and though Earl and Eugenie Courtney are not rich yet, and probably never will be, they are infinitely happy—their only regret those five wasted years.

CHRISTMAS IN NORWAY.

BY MISS MARY J. FIELD.

I

LITTLE CHRISTMAS EVE.

WHAT have I to write about to-day? The monotony of the weather seems to have infused itself into everything. The skies are leaden, the "rain it raineth every day," and all night long as well; we have scarcely seen the outline of a mountain since we arrived here. Heavy fog-wreaths shut us in on every side, the walls are weeping, our very dresses hang in limp disconsolate folds; all spring and crispness seem washed out of life. We live in hope that Christmas may improve this state of things; it would be so preposterous to have a green Yule up here. We look forward to its coming as a deliverance from umbrellas and galoshes, of which we are heartily tired; and meanwhile make ourselves as happy as we can. To this end we went to the theatre last night; walked there through the chronic Bergen drizzle. We went first into a long gallery, filled with the noise of many greetings and much laughter; this was the cloak-room. While we were taking off our wrappings, we underwent many introductions, watching with great delight the merry crowd around—daughters giving last touches to mother's cap, mothers smoothing and arranging their girls' chignons, a general mutual inspection and fluttering of plumage going on in every direction. No one was in evening dress; neat morning dress, with elaborate coiffeur and light gloves, was the rule. Our tickets for the parket (orchestra stalls) cost two ort, or about one and tenpence each. We were soon in our places; such a tiny grimy theatre! Our first care was to keep our dresses from unnecessary contact with floor or benches. Nods and smiles were directed towards us from every side, and the next step towards improving the acquaintance was the proffer of any number of bonbonnieres, which during the evening were constantly passed from hand to hand, as the alms-bag circulates in our churches. I suppose they all ultimately found their way back to their owners, but it must have been in a bare and unprofitable condition, for everybody inserted finger and thumb before passing them on. In my ignorance I at first thought they were snuffboxes, but happily discovered my mistake before I had offended anybody by a refusal.

All this time the orchestra was playing the overture to "Zampa" with goodwill, if not with good effect. It was all my courtesy could do to keep my fingers out of my ears; but at last, to the evident relief of everybody near us, it ceased. The curtain rose, giving us a view into a Danish interior, the breakfast room of a country-house belonging to a family of good position, but assuredly one rather lax in its ideas of cleanliness and comfort. The state of the boards made one long to see the ladies "kilted to the knee," like the maiden in the ballad; the breakfast-table was covered with a faded crimson cloth, and any deficiencies in the breakfast service were atoned for by the magnificence of the silver. We were, of course, "eyes and no ears," which made the effect of the very emphatic acting excessively comical. We have already discovered that what Scandinavians think worth doing at all they do thoroughly; accordingly, the kisses were explosive, and the "bursting into tears" a mild way of putting the pathos. Each actor was so engrossed in his own part, that he acted with the most entire disregard of every one else. When the lady of the house seemed unable longer to endure the presence of her guests, and wanted change of scene, she sprang from her chair and headed a wild rush to the garden; when she and her husband returned, they at once seated themselves, leaving their friends standing round them like so many courtiers. But the most deliciously energetic member of the *corps dramatique* was a footman, plushed, powdered and silk-stockinged, whose frequent duty it was to announce visitors; his method of doing this was to burst open the folding-doors with headlong violence, make a stentorian announcement, then, finding himself unfollowed, turn in anxious wonder to look for the invisible guests; discovering, each time with new surprise, that the doors had swung

to and shut them out, he rushed back to them, and a "dreadful collision" was the invariable result. I must add that, judging by what we saw last night, a Danish hostess receives her guests at the breakfast-table in ruby velvet embroidered in gold, a jewelled tiara instead of a morning cap, while to her husband is permitted the graceful negligence of dressing-gown and slippers.

December 23d.—The treble celebration of Christmas begins this evening—Lille Jul Aften (Little Christmas Eve)—when dinner-parties, and what at home would be carpet-dances, are plentiful. Then the grand festival Jul Aften, which is anticipated for months by old and young, and remembered long as the centre round which all the winter festivities revolve. It is notably a family festival, and, as Norwegians usually marry and settle in the town of their birth, a family here is a widely-spread and deeply-rooted institution. . Thirdly, comes Jule Dag (Christmas Day), which here, as in Germany, is looked on as a mere satellite of Jul Aften. Everybody has made daily apologies for the weather since our arrival, giving us the crumb of comfort that wind, and consequently weather, changes are sudden and capricious here; so we were not surprised when Froken Anneseen came in just now to tell us, with much glee, that a hard frost had set in; we already guessed the fact, and she found us crouching before the stove in a nest of wolf-skins. It is the first touch of northern cold; so far we enjoy it, and are quite pleased at the prospect of bringing all our snug wraps and rugs into use. All yesterday and to-day we have been receiving evidences of the kindness of our new friends, in the shape of baskets of good things. There has been a steady rain of cakes, apples, gingerbread, oranges, figs and nuts, till our cupboards are plethoric. The sympathy which seeks to make us forget our strangerhood is so pleasant, the very first basket made us feel more Christmas-like, and we assure each other that it would be horridly ungrateful to whisper even to ourselves that we feel desolate and far from home. The gift that has pleased me most is one that has just come—a great bunch of holly! To understand the prettiness of this kindness you must know that they do not decorate here with "Christmas;" holly is a rare garden shrub.

24th.—In our ignorance we rejoiced yesterday in the weather change, not seeing reason to do otherwise; a new experience was awaiting us in connection with our first dinner-party here.

We were invited for seven o'clock, with a warning, which amused us, "not to be late;" punctuality is not apparently the virtue most in fashion. We were taking out our evening dresses at about five o'clock, when Janet discovered her glove-box needed plenishing, and courageously muffled up and set off in search of gloves. There is a gigantic golden hand hanging from the next house but one, so I expected her back directly; but as minutes multiplied and she did not return, I began to wonder, and at last grew anxious, and was just going out on an expedition of search when she appeared. Her delay was caused by the excessive slipperiness of the streets; the keen frost, coming when they were covered with a thick coating of semi-liquid snow, had given them a surface something like oiled glass. "I fell four times, and the last few yards I got over on my hands and knees; and how we *are* to get to Fru Zornlein's this evening I cannot imagine"—thus Jeanie.

Here was a dilemma. We had tried in the morning to engage a fly, but the very few of which this town can boast were already bespoken, and we had no alternative but to walk. Ragnhild Svaresen gave us a lesson in the locality of the house to which we were invited. Janet, whose topographical genius is superior to mine, lent an attentive ear to the details, and professed to remember all about it. I carried off a hazy impression of "rights" and "lefts," but a very distinct one that the road lay all *down hill*, which latter scrap of knowledge I now produced to add to our despondency. There was nothing for it but to take our chance over the icy streets; so we decided on setting off the minute we were dressed, and taking plenty of time for the journey. We clung to each other—to the walls—to the doorposts; happily, the night was not bright, and the Platz was almost empty. I, resolved to grasp the nettle, disengaged myself from Jeanie, and, with a proud self-confidence which soon had its fall, stepped bravely on—to find myself the next moment lying on my back gazing calmly upward to the cloudy sky. As soon as convenient, I rose with all the gravity of wounded dignity and unappreci-

ated heroism; and when Janet had done laughing at me, she suggested hesitatingly, "Do you think, if we go back and put stockings over our boots, that we may hope to get there to-night?" We remounted our many stairs, drew on the stockings, took our umbrellas to serve as alpenstocks, and set off again with new courage and better success. Wasn't it a new sensation! Have any of you ever gone to a dinner-party in "stocking-feet?"

At seven we were in Herr Zornlein's porch, feeling vainly for bell or knocker; after a few ineffectual taps, we turned the handle and went in. Our hostess, who was busy in the hall, seemed surprised at our punctuality, and told her pretty little daughter to take us to a bedroom and "take the ladies' clothing off." She did the first, and watched us disrobe with round-eyed interest, which deepened to wonder when we came to the stockings. We had no common language, and could only pantomimically explain our motive in putting them on. I am certain she believes it to be an American national custom to wear overall stockings on Little Christmas Eve.

When we were ready she led us to the salon, making her escape the instant she opened the door. A number of gentlemen were standing about the room, and, as we had not seen Herr Z., we were quite at a loss. None of them took the initiative. It would not do to stand gazing at each other for an indefinite time, so I selected the tallest and most responsible-looking, and to him advanced with some murmured English words, to which he replied by the lowest of bows and a few Norske gutturals. I just caught the familiar "*Velkommen*," and I knew I had guessed rightly. He shook hands very kindly, saw us comfortably seated, and then, by a considerable exertion of moral and a little of physical force, drew a very shy little man from a corner, and presented him to us, evidently regarding him as a perfect master of the English tongue. This poor gentleman, beginning the conversation with a very low bow and the words "Good-by, miss," we performed a trio for the next ten minutes, I hope to the satisfaction of a large and attentive audience, but I am afraid little to our mutual edification. Fruen at last appeared, to relieve us with a number of ladies. At eight o'clock the whole party, to the number of eighty, were assembled, and the doors of the dining-room were thrown open. We, as strangers, were made the guests of honor, and our hostess motioned us to enter, which we did, wishing we had been permitted to take the lowest places, for we did not know what to do next. The other ladies flocked in after us, leaving the gentlemen still in the drawing-rooms.

The tables—there were three—were substantially covered; but as there were no chairs placed near them, we waited modestly to see what somebody would do next. A young lady, to whom I had been introduced in the other room, stepped forward, whispering, "Do as I; we help ourselves;" took plate, knife, fork, spoon and napkin, of which there were piles placed at intervals down the table. Instantly dozens of eager hands—ours with the rest—followed her example; there was a general raid on the dishes, and in a shorter time than I have taken to describe it all were back again, dinner in hand, in the drawing-rooms, where several servants, assisted by the three little daughters of the house, had meanwhile been busy arranging a number of tiny tables for our accommodation. We took our places with the rest, feeling intensely tickled, and the business of dinner commenced. By this time the gentlemen were all comfortably seated in the dining-room, whence the dishes were carried out to us when the superior sex had helped themselves. The first course of delicious soup, with floating balls, I think, of egg and spices, was followed by an infinite variety of made dishes, no vegetables but potatoes. The dishes were carried round by the little girls, assisted by several men and women servants, the latter in the pretty national costume. Fru Z., who was at the gentlemen's table, frequently left her place to attend to the comfort of her visitors. Everybody was kind to us; those who could (nearly all) spoke the English or French to us; those who could not showed their good-will by little courteous attentions and kindly smiles; even one of the men-servants took me under his special protection, looking on me evidently as an outer barbarian, who didn't know "what was what." He several times took my fork from my hand, and, with a look of ineffable patronage, transferred some dainty morsel from the dish he carried to my plate. The last course consisted of varieties of delicious puddings and cakes—no pastry; such pud-

dings! The richness of cream and butter here may account for their superiority to ours; and, as they appear only on occasions of high festival, eggs are used with a lavishness which would appall an American housemother. In the recipes for two or three puddings I have got, the number of eggs varies from twenty to thirty. During dinner toasts were proposed; first Herr Z. drank "*Velkommen*" to all; then our names were given with "*Velkommen til Norge*" (Welcome to Norway). My neighbor, who had promised to be my oracle on etiquette, told me we must drink our own "skoal," which we did with all the honors; the gentlemen left their table to bow, the more demonstrative coming to clink their glasses with ours. Then followed "Host and hostess," "The grandmother," "Absent friends;" these were but the commencement of a long list, which did *not* include the "usual loyal toasts."

On leaving the table, every one advanced to Herr and Fru Z., shook hands, saying, "*Tak for maden*" (Thanks for the repast), and received the answer, "*Vel bekommen*" (May it agree with you). Every guest then bowed to every other, till we felt like Chinese mandarins. Everybody thanks everybody for everything here. After dinner comes coffee, and with the final sip, "*Tak for kaffe*;" on separating, after the party, to *Farvel* is added, "*Tak for idag*" (Thanks for to-day), and the person thanked responds, "*Tak selv*" (Thanks yourself). Isn't that Irish?

But gratitude does not end here; meet somebody with whom you have been in the same room for an hour yesterday, and you are greeted with "*Tak for igaar*" (Thanks for yesterday); even if weeks have elapsed, still memory flies to the last time, and you hear "*Tak for sidst*" (for last time); take a walk with any one, they finish off with "*Tak for touren;*" and so on *ad infinitum*. Even children and peasants never omit this; it is difficult to persuade them that we can be courteous at home without using these stereotyped monotonous little forms. When anything is passed from hand to hand, the giver uses some cabalistic words which get no response. "Be so good" (as to accept this favor, understood). I never *can remember* this fragment of civility.

After dinner, we had some music, pretty much like what one hears at home; the singing I did not care for at all, it was most expressionless. After the music came waltzes and quadrilles, then a number of merry and very noisy games. We played "Hunt the Slipper" with some of the highest dignitaries of Church and State, who enjoyed the fun as much as any of us. People here have a facility of casting off life's burdens which is very uncommon The "social fictions" of conventionality do not fetter them in the least; they seize the passing minute, and enjoy its sunshine like very children. There may be trouble before and worry behind, but "let us be jolly, if for this night only"—so we laughed, ran about, and shouted (some of us) more than was necessary. It was great fun, very piquant in its contrast to our stiff sensible parties in America. After supper (sweets, ices and fruit), we had coffee again, then a long hour of waiting, till it was time to say "*Godnat;*" it is a breach of etiquette to go away soon after a meal. Neither of us ever enjoyed a dinner-party so much before. We are to spend Christmas Eve (to-night) with the Svaresens, who are as charming as they are kind; have travelled much. The sons and daughters are all more or less above the average of wellbred people, really uncommonplace, without being odd; and Fruen a sweet, gracious, picturesque lady of the old school.

II.

ROUND THE CHRISTMAS-TREE.

LITTLE Christmas Eve, Christmas Eve and Christmas Day have passed. This is the last night of the old year. We are spending it at home, though we have had several invitations. Jul Aften (Christmas Eve) we spent with the Svaresens; our own Froken, as we call our first friend, called for me in the morning to go through the Jul Vorstillinger (bazaars held in every shop for the sale of Christmas presents). They opened last Sunday, at five o'clock, when afternoon service ends in the churches; it is only on rare occasions that the shops are open on Sunday, though the theatre, concert-rooms and public houses are crowded after five, which is the hour recognized by law as the end of Sunday observance. Picture gallery and Museum open at one o'clock, and at that hour a military band plays on the Platz, where we live; but amusements which *cost* anything are not legal until after Evensong.

We were home in time to dine and dress

before the carriage came, at half past five, to take us to Fru Svaresen's. When we arrived there we found the rooms already full; we were introduced to five married sons, three married daughters, with their respective wives and husbands, and an all-but-countless flock of grandchildren of all ages, from two to twenty.

Some of the ladies wore winseys, with linen collars and cuffs; while others were in tarlatan and grenadine. The majority had taken a happy medium, and were dressed in black silk, which is the favorite gala dress, and gives a funereal appearance to every assembly, whether evening party, theatre or concert. The dresses of the elder ladies were quite innocent of the latest fashion; but the girls, who were nearly all pretty, and some quite lovely, were prettily dressed. The little children were the quaintest little mortals; tiny fat two-year boys dressed in cloth tunics, and trousered to the heels, their baby throats encircled by enormous frills, all so like the pictures of good little boys in Mrs. Barbauld; the girls wore scarlet dresses or long-patterned plaids, long skirts, square bodices, and *pink* woollen stockings—all the little heads closely cropped.

When we had been introduced and welcomed, chocolate was brought in. Froken Helga, the youngest and only unmarried daughter, poured it out; while the other sisters handed round baskets of cakes, not only to the ladies, but to the gentlemen, who took it quite as a matter of course to play Jupiter to their sisters' Hebe. The rooms looked exceedingly pretty, lighted with quantities of lamps, and great chandeliers filled with wax candles; the satiny light paint of the walls and ceilings, the muslin draperies, the large mirrors, the gilded furniture, and the ivy trailing everywhere, gave the four large rooms a festival air. The large folding-doors leading to the fifth room were closed; one of the comical little boys whispered to an uncle who sat beside me to tell the "*Engleske Dame*" that in there the Christ Child had placed the tree.

The doors were soon thrown open, and the tree revealed in all its glory, just such a one as we had often danced round at home, reaching from floor to ceiling, glittering with colored tapers, golden fruits, and all manner of pretty things, while round the stem were heaped the gifts which would have been too cumbrous for the slender branches. While the children were still in the first ecstasy, a door beyond the tree opened, and a large and brilliant star appeared on the threshold; there was a joyous cry from the little ones—"*Velkommen til Bethlehem's Stjarne!*"—as the Star of Bethlehem advanced, slowly followed by a crowd of poorly-dressed little boys; they all stopped under the tree, and the clear young voices rang through the room blithely, if not musically, in a Christmas carol, while the faces of the singers far outshone the tinsel glories of the Star. They were presently dismissed with presents of cakes and money; as they left the room, the Star going out last, a pair of sturdy bare legs and two little feet in clattering wooden shoes were most comically visible beneath its rays. It had hardly disappeared, when with a rush and tumult two goats entered on their hindlegs with another set of singers, older than the last. After a good deal of noise and clumsy dancing round the tree, varied by frenzied fits of butting at the nearest ladies, they, too, sung a carol and left. I suppose there is some symbol hidden in the mask, but nobody could give me a clue.

Dancing began directly the mummers went away; hand in hand we circled round the tree, voices young and old mingling in a wild Norske chant, feet big and little beating time energetically. Suddenly the melody was changed, the circle broken, and still hand in hand we defiled through a door, round sundry landings and corridors, in again through the furthest room, down the whole length of the suite, then round and round the tree again. The dance lasted for three hours with short intervals, during which the gifts were distributed, etc., and the chant was constantly varied, apparently without any rule but the caprice of the leader. Now we followed him under an arch formed by the joined hands of a couple of gentlemen, as if playing "Oranges and lemons;" now fell into couples and whirled round in a wild waltz; then again the circle was reformed, and we went through something like the grand chain of the Lancers—the changes following each other without the slightest confusion. Over and over again we danced round the passages, down the five saloons; this manœuvre ending in what I must call a conglomeration round the tree, the leader pausing

beneath it while we curled round like a long ribbon till we formed a compact mass, into the centre of which leader and tree were tightly wedged.

At half past nine, the tree being rifled—we too had our share of pretty things—we sat down to enjoy the Christmas institution of Norway, which takes the place of holly, plum pudding, mince pies and snap-dragon — namely, *bret* — the Norske word for tray—and as trays are indispensable to the performance of the ceremony, from that it takes its name. Enter three large trays; on the first, cakes and biscuits are piled in endless variety; the second is covered with a number of glass plates containing preserved fruits, raspberries, currants, cherries, etc.; in the midst of these stand two glasses, one filled with fair water, the other containing a number of spoons. The trays approach and pause before you; you rise (a commanding position is needful), take a cake from the first tray, a spoon from the glass on the second, plunge the latter into the plate of jam nearest you, and carry a spoonful to your mouth; the *same spoon* you then insert into the plate next in order; and so on repeating the process until you have gone the round of the tray, and swallowed at least a dozen spoonfuls of jam in succession; you then place your spoon in the glass of water, and reseat yourself with that feeling of self-satisfaction ever attendant on the thorough performance of a duty. The third tray then approaches, and from it you take a glass of mead, the real Norske mead—beverage of the grand old Vikings. While you enjoy your cake and mead, your neighbor rises and goes through the evolutions you have just performed, putting his or her spoon into the water when used. Of course, when *bret* has progressed a very little way through the rooms the spoons are *all* in the water, which grows murkier with every additional spoon. Then the process has to be reversed, the partakers of *bret* taking their spoons *from* the glass of unpleasant-looking water, and replacing them, when used, in the empty tumbler.

It was near eleven when supper was announced; the children who were beyond babyhood came to table, and while they were brilliantly and exuberantly happy, they were still models of deportment. Fried fish was the grand dish, the adjuncts were innumerable; the dishes were passed from hand to hand, and it was evidently considered the correct thing to take some of each. Fruen left her seat more than once to bring me some delicacy which I had allowed to pass. On my plate I had at one time fish, cold ptarmigan, cabbage stewed in cream with sugar and nutmeg, hard-boiled egg, cold ham, preserved cherries and potatoes! We had a choice of milk, tea, wine or beer, but were not obliged to take all. The second course was rice porridge eaten with cream and jam; then followed the skoals.

I shrink from recording the number of supplementary meals which were discussed before we left—coffee, cakes, ices, fruits, *brets*, appeared in succession before the party broke up at three o'clock, and we said, "*Godnat*," amid a chorus of "*Tak for iaften*," "*Lykkelig Jul*," "*Kom snart igyen.*" (Thanks for this evening, Merry Christmas, Come soon again.)

As we walked home, exchanging Christmas greetings with other home-goers, it was with a strange thrill of gladness that we saw the stars once more, visible for the first time since our arrival, strangely familiar though shining from a dark yet radiant sky with a brilliance we had never seen them wear before; we felt nearer home for the moment, as we remembered they were shining too, though with a paler light, on the dear ones far away.

The Christmas bells awoke us at five next morning. There is an early service, to which Jeanie went with Helga Svaresen; I preferred waiting for a less adventurous ten o'clock Matins. It is quite proper to say Matins and Evensong here, so nobody need snub me for it; I only translate. In fact, to say truth, morning festival service is called mass; why, I don't know, for there is no pretext for using the word—it is a very simple service of hymn, prayer and sermon.

We walked down Strand Gade, the Regent Street of the town, in a crowd of church-goers. Ladies in heavy winter cloaks surmounted by the gayest of head-gear; bonnets of every hue—blue, pink, green, mauve, lemon, orange—feathered and flowered profusely, gaudy streamers floating in the frosty air; while the hands, which peeped now and then from enormous muffs, were exquisitely gloved. Bonnets and gloves are the Bergen specialties;

ladies here, ostrich-like, provide for the extremities, and seem to care very little about their bodies. Peasants in crowds, the men in dark-blue jackets, red waistcoats with silver buttons, and red caps; the women in short dark petticoats, which showed the buckled shoe and white woollen stocking, the brightly-colored bodices fitting exquisitely to sturdy robust figures; no shawl or mantle; the head covered with a gay woollen kerchief, or the national wadded cap of scarlet or violet, something the shape of a Quakeress's bonnet, relieved round the face with a crimped frill of white muslin; the hands invariably clasped over a prayer-book neatly folded in a clean pocket-handkerchief—the latter altogether for ornament, its folds are never disturbed.

The church, a whitewashed unecclesiastial-looking building, was reached at last, and we became straws in the current of a dense crowd which landed us in a gallery. There was no Christmas greenery, but in addition to the candles which always burn on the altar there were hundreds of lights about the church, and the clergyman wore a white surplice, instead of the black cassock and plaited ruff in which he usually officiates. The body of the church is puritanically plain, while the altar, with its altar-cloth of white and gold, crucifix, ornaments, might belong to a Roman-Catholic church. The vestments, alb and chasuble, were lying on the altar; they are only used during the celebration. The wine is mingled with water; the priest puts the elements into the mouth of each communicant; the ritual of the administration is very much that used at the most extreme of the Anglican churches, while the rest of the service is plain and unadorned.

Hundreds stood during the whole service; we were happy enough to get seats on a bench about four inches in width; and with my usual luck I began by most innocently and unconsciously attracting everybody's attention. I knelt down as we always do on coming into church at home, and instantly felt my dress pulled by one friend, my sleeve by another, with a hurried whisper, "Stand up!" which I did, to meet a crowd of laughing faces and hear an unrepressed titter. Nobody kneels here; the posture is looked on with holy horror as a relic of Papacy. I did not know this, and found myself stared at as an American congregation might regard a dancing Dervish who began to twirl in the aisle. Such a long service, psalms of eighteen and twenty verses, sung by the congregation, seated, to such monotonous tunes; but the Christmas anthem came with a crash of wind instruments frightful to hear; very short prayers, congregation still seated. Then the gospel, during the reading of which we all stood, was followed by a sermon an hour and a half long, during which the congregation wept abundantly; the effect was most depressing. I tried to make a story for each as I looked from one bowed head and hidden face to another, imagining every weeper had suffered bereavement or sorrow of some kind during the past year, but found afterwards my sympathies were wasted; tears always accompany sermons up here—they are the expected result. The font is quite a contrast to the altar; instead of being placed on the ground at the entrance to the church, it hangs in midair in the form of a full-sized angel—I mean an angel of human size, with floating drapery of white and gold; it bears in its outstretched hands a basin, in which the baptismal water is placed. When needed it is lowered, and when the baptism is over it is dismissed, by a gentle touch on one of the toes, to its former position.

The church is not warmed, and very badly ventilated. Scandinavians seem quite independent of fresh air, and the men, too, suffer constantly from bronchial affections. To quote Mrs. Browning—

> "The pavement of the churches here
> Are good enough to pray on, albeit
> Not too good"

to be used for quite another purpose, which makes it necessary to lift our dresses and choose our way with care in leaving. Even the best houses here have spittoons in every room; if not for the use of the owners, in self-defence they must keep them for their guests. It is the great drawback to society here. I cannot enter into details, but O, I do wish they would control this tendency while we live among them.

MADEMOISELLE SYLPHINA:

—OR,—

THE FORTUNES OF A CASTAWAY.

BY ELIZABETH BIGELOW.

CHAPTER XI.

When Dely came to herself that night—in her own room at the hotel—she did not at first know what had happened. She looked in bewilderment at the anxious faces bending over her, and wondered what the sharp pain in her arm could mean. Then she remembered where she had been when she lost consciousness, and thought that she must have fallen—she and Blanchette—and a keen feeling of mortification seized her.

'How did it happen? How could we have fallen, when I thought we were going to do it so splendidly! I remember that I heard a noise, and then I was dizzy. Did the noise frighten Blanchette and make her fall?"

The doctor told her to be quiet, and not ask questions; but Mr. Lamm, who knew how sensitive she was, and how keen her mortification would be, told her at once that it had not been her fault or Blanchette's; that somebody in the audience had fired a pistol.

"At me? It was meant to hit me, wasn't it?" said Dely. "And I know who fired it! It was that man—Dennett. Johnny was right. He said, when I saw him, that the man did not mean to let me go. How much trouble I have brought upon you all! I will go right away—somewhere, as soon as my arm gets well!"

They all tried to soothe and comfort her; kind Mr. Lamm had tears in his eyes, and Miss Junkins, really moved, forgot all her theatrical gestures and extravagant expressions, and was simple and tender.

Dely thought that she must have destroyed the fortunes of the whole company, and that nobody would ever venture to go to an entertainment in that tent again. Miss Mary McFadden thought differently, as was testified by her remarks to Mr. Murray a week or two after Dely's injury.

"Now there's enough petting and fussing over her to make anybody sick! Of course Sarah Junkins and her hysterics take the lead, but Mr. Pennant himself is getting very devoted. Of course all this is such a card for him! There's nothing talked about but 'Mademoiselle Sylphina.' Mr. Pen-

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nant had a notice in the papers last night that she was soon to appear, and the tent was crammed so I could hardly breathe, with people who had hopes of getting a glimpse of her! He'll have her in the ring again, just as soon as she is able to sit up, and people will make as much fuss over her as if it were the greatest honor possible to be shot at! It is such a pity that some of the rest of us can't have a crazy man round popping pistols at us!"

"O, don't say that!" said Mr. Murray, profoundly touched. "Think of the agony your friends would suffer at having your precious life endangered!"

"Fiddlesticks! If my friends are so devoted to me they had better show it by ridding the troupe of that child, who is throwing us all into the shade, and robbing us of the reputations it has taken us so many years to gain!"

"Dearest Miss McFadden," said Mr. Murray, ardently, taking off his clown's mask (it was at a rehearsal), that he might appear to better advantage, "is not the devotion of one true heart better than fame or—"

"Fiddlesticks!" interrupted Miss McFadden, who, though she rather enjoyed Mr. Murray's devotion, was in no mood just then for anything but forming plans to put an end to Dely's reign as the "star" of the troupe.

Unconsciously to themselves, Miss McFadden and Mr. Murray had had a listener to their conversation. It was a man who had been engaged as a clown by Mr. Pennant, a few days before; a singular-looking man, with black eyes, and auburn hair, and a very full auburn beard that covered half his face. Nobody knew anything about him but his name, which was Jones. He was new to the business, Mr. Pennant had told some of the members of the company, but had been recommended to him by a man who was for some time an agent of the circus, as a "very daring and reckless fellow;" and as he needed somebody for "general business," he had engaged him. He had already proved himself a "capital horseman."

"He look like—vat is dat you call him? —a hard nut! Is it not?" Mr. Lamm had said, after a close scrutiny of his face.

"O, I dare say!" answered Mr. Pennant, carelessly. "He says he has been up to most everything in his life. But I guess he'll behave well enough when he is here, and he is just what I want."

This was the man who had listened intently to the conversation between Miss McFadden and her admirer; listened with a gleam in his eye that betokened intense interest.

When Miss McFadden prepared to mount her horse, for a ride in the ring, he rushed forward to assist her, with an air of great politeness; and he also bestowed a very admiring glance upon her out of his black eyes, while the discomfited Mr. Murray was left in the background.

"At all events," said Miss McFadden to herself, as she adjusted her gay skirts, complacently, "there is nobody in the troupe who gets more admiration from the gentlemen than I do!"

Dely recovered slowly. The shock had been a severe one, and her strength was long in coming back. As soon as she was able she wrote a letter to Johnny, telling him of her narrow escape, and how nicely she was getting well, and how kind they all were; adding the assurance that no new friends would ever take his place in her heart, and telling him further that Mr. Pennant was going to pay her a salary as soon as she began to perform regularly; and Mr. Lamm had said that it should be all her own, to do just what she pleased with, and she meant to save every bit of it, against the time when they should have a home together, as he had said.

She watched and waited for an answer, but she never received one. Mr. Pennant did not know, or had forgotten, who "Dely Robinson" was; and it never occurred to Johnny to address her by any other name.

Miss Junkins, and the Fat Lady, and Mr. Lamm, and even Mademoiselle Titania (who was in reality Miss Dolly Blodgett), and many of the other members of the troupe, devoted almost all of their spare time to amusing and entertaining Dely during the tedious hours of her convalescence, and as soon as she was able to leave her room they gave a gay little supper in her honor.

All the members of the troupe were present, and Dely was reminded of the night when she was first introduced to them, at Ornesville—a poor, forlorn, tired child. How happily her lot had changed, she thought, as they seated her in the chair of honor at the table, and all crowded around

to congratulate her! Surely that wicked man had done her now all the harm he would ever dare to do. Though he had escaped, in spite of the most earnest efforts, both on the part of the city authorities, and of the members of the troupe, yet he would certainly never dare to enter the city again; she might reasonably feel perfectly safe while she remained there. Looking around at the friendly faces of the company, which it was so pleasant to see all together again, Dely suddenly met the gaze of Jones, the new clown. His black eyes were fastened upon her, and she started, with a sudden fancy that she had met that look somewhere. And yet she was sure that she had never seen the man before; his face was quite unfamiliar; the bright auburn hair and beard were so striking that she certainly could not have forgotten them. Perhaps it was only another of the memories of her lost childhood that were continually arising to perplex her; but surely it was an unpleasant memory, for she shrank from his gaze with a feeling very much akin to fear. She shook the feeling off with a strong effort, determined that such foolishness should not trouble her, now that she might be so happy.

Yet when Mr. Pennant brought the man up to introduce him to her, she could scarcely repress a shudder, though he was very pleasant and smiling.

He seemed to have already become a favorite in the troupe. He made himself perfectly at home, and was very good-natured and jolly, and said very funny things, to make everybody laugh. He was especially polite to the ladies, and had evidently distanced all other competitors for Miss McFadden's favor. Even the Fat Lady, who was not at all a flirt, bestowed so many smiles and arch glances upon him, that her admirer looked profoundly miserable, and was driven to gnawing his blonde mustache furiously.

"He's a charmingly polite man," whispered Titania, who had perched herself on the arm of Dely's chair. "And politeness is such a very rare thing among the gentlemen of this troupe that it is really refreshing! I never saw such a set of uncouth monsters as the rest of them are!"

(Alas! Mademoiselle Titania had no admirer; whether because she was a dwarf, or because she was ill-natured, I cannot say.)

"He is certainly handsome," said the Fat Lady, who had overheard. "For my part, I do admire a full beard so much!" (Her admirer was seen to rub his smooth chin despairingly.) "And nobody can deny that he is exceedingly agreeable. He has such a flow of language! For my part, I like a man who can talk!" (The admirer stammered so that he hardly dared open his mouth.)

Dely ventured to ask Mr. Lamm where the new clown, Mr. Jones, had come from, and what he thought of him.

"I know notting at all about him, my tear," he answered. "I haf not like his looks mooch at first, but he seems like vun goot fellow, and he rides like the very teffle!"

Dely laughed at that, and thought no more of Mr. Jones; if Mr. Lamm thought he was a good fellow he must be; she had implicit faith in his wisdom.

They were a very gay company, and Dely was as gay as any. She felt sad when a toast was proposed to the memory of Blanchette, for she had felt a real affection for the noble and gentle little animal, who knew so much that she had almost seemed human; but she laughed again the next moment, when they toasted their "distinguished friend from Egypt," and hoped the snakes that he swallowed would never disagree with him. Dely knew enough to see the point of that joke now. She had discovered that little Moses Jenkins had been very nearly right in his opinion in regard to the way the snakes disappeared. Before the laughter which that toast elicited had subsided, the new clown, Mr. Jones, arose, and said, with a great deal of feeling, that, though Mademoiselle Sylphina, the "Star" of the troupe, had already been so many times toasted, he was sure that they would all heartily join him in one more wish for her; "That the cowardly ruffian who had sought her life might speedily be arrested and brought to his just deserts!"

He looked straight at Dely as he said it, with a strange look in his keen black eyes, and again Dely shrank from his gaze, and shivered as if with fear. But she laughed at herself the next moment for being so foolish, and decided that it was because she had been ill, and her nerves were out of order.

Everybody echoed Mr. Jones's toast very heartily, and he sat down in the midst of great applause.

CHAPTER XII.

AFTER that night Dely began to practise again diligently, for another performance. She had some dread of reappearing, but Mr. Lamm assured her that there was very little danger that such an attempt as that of the pistol shot would ever be repeated. So, though the good Dutchman told her that she need not appear unless she wished, she practised with all her strength. For she did wish to appear. She liked the excitement; the gayety, and glitter, and applause. Of course it was not good for her, but as yet it had not spoiled her. She liked to know that she did well, and that everybody liked to see her, but she was not vain. She enjoyed the praise and petting that were lavished upon her, but as yet it had not made her selfish, or inconsiderate of the feelings of others.

She was all the more anxious to be able to perform in public soon, because she knew now that instead of ruining the troupe, as in her innocence she had at first thought, she had given it a success which had been hitherto unknown to it, and that still greater success was likely to follow her reappearance.

Another of the trained ponies was given her, for her especial use, which she named Rosetta, and which soon learned to know her voice and obey her, as Blanchette had done. And very soon the bills announced the first appearance of Mademoiselle Sylphina since her marvellous escape from death.

When the evening came she found such an audience assembled to greet her as the canvas had never held before. They fairly overflowed the tent, and thronged the adjoining grounds, making Dely think of the day of her first introduction to the circus, at Still River Village; not so very long ago, but now far back in the past it seemed!

It was the "elite of the city," too, who had assembled, as Mr. Pennant complacently remarked. The fame of her beauty had reached the ears of almost everybody, and the interest which that excited was augmented, of course, by the story of her accident.

She danced all her old dances, performed various gymnastic feats, which *were* much more simple than they *looked*, and the audience applauded vociferously. Then the hoop feat was attempted, with Rosetta instead of Blanchette, and this time proved a triumphant success. And as the audience knew that this was what she was attempting to do when she was shot, they went wild over it, so that she was obliged to repeat it.

She looked, more than once, over the audience, in search of the evil face of the man she dreaded, but he was not to be seen. And nobody attempted to shoot or hurt her in any way.

She retired to the dressing-room when it was all over, very tired, but radiant with happiness.

Miss McFadden was there, just dressed to go home.

"Are you tired, poor child? You look completely worn out and so warm!" she said, with affectionate interest. Miss McFadden had been so kind to her of late, that Dely did not quite know what to make of it; but she was so glad to have people kind to her that she did not trouble herself to think much about it.

"Yes, I am a little tired, and warm," Dely answered, carelessly.

"I'll tell you what will do you good!" said Miss McFadden, as if a sudden thought had struck her. "Mr. Jones has just invited me to go to a saloon with him, and have some ice cream, and you shall go, too, if you like."

"I would like some ice cream very much," said Dely.

Miss McFadden very well knew that ice cream was one of Dely's weaknesses.

"Well you shall go then. Mr. Jones has got a carriage waiting, our carriages are all so crowded, and the others, especially Miss Brown and Dolly Blodgett—stupid things! always want to go straight home."

That did not strike Dely as being at all an irregular proceeding, as the performers often disdained the carriages provided by the proprietor, and obtained them for themselves. But she suggested that Mr. Lamm might not know what had become of her.

"O, he will think you went home with the others—a carriage full has just gone. You used to go before he did, very often."

Which was quite true, but Dely had a desire to see Mr. Lamm, to-night. She liked to see his delight at her triumph; she fancied, too, that he would like to have her wait for him. But yet it might be a long time before he came. He always had a good deal of business to attend to, with Mr.

Pennant, after the performance was over, as he assisted him in the management, and so he might wish and expect her to go home.

And she was very tired, and that ice cream was very tempting! Just then Mr. Jones knocked at the dressing-room door, to see if Miss McFadden was ready.

"All ready," she answered; "and you don't mind if Adele goes too?"

Mr. Jones replied that he should be only too highly honored by the company of Mademoiselle Sylphina. And so Dely went.

She had forgotten her fear of Mr. Jones—except once in a while, when she caught his eye when it had that strange gleam in it; then she remembered. But he very seldom looked at her now as he used to; it seemed almost as if he avoided her look.

The carriage was stationed at quite a distance from the usual place. As Dely walked to it she looked back at the tent, in the midst of a glare of light from the almost innumerable lamps, and surrounded still by an eager crowd.

For years afterwards she remembered just how it looked.

They drove a long ways into an obscure bystreet; Dely asked why they did not go to C——'s, the saloon where they usually went, and Miss McFadden replied that it was too crowded at this time of night.

Dely thought it was a rather unpromising place where they stopped, but Miss McFadden said she had been there, and they had delicious ice cream.

It was even more unpromising inside than out, and Dely thought Miss McFadden's taste in the matter of saloons was very queer. It was not at all clean, and the man behind the counter in the store in front was in his shirt-sleeves, and looked very much as if he had been drinking. But the ice cream was really very nice, and Dely child as she was, forgot the unpleasant surroundings entirely in her enjoyment of it.

Miss McFadden and Mr. Jones talked, and laughed, and were very gay, and Dely thought that Mr. Jones was a very pleasant man, and she had been very silly about him. Dely finished her ice cream before Miss McFadden, and Mr. Jones proposed to her to go out into the front store with him, and he would buy her some candy; and she went unhesitatingly.

As she stood before the counter some one came behind her and threw a handkerchief saturated with chloroform around her nose and mouth! She was conscious of a horrible suffocating feeling. Of being lifted in strong arms across the pavement, and thrust into the carriage, and then of being rattled furiously over the paved streets. And then she knew no more.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

RAGGED TOM THE SURETY.

One Sunday afternoon a big boy stood at the door of the Sunday school. He was so bad that he had been turned out of school the Sunday before. His father and mother brought him, and begged he might be received again. The superintendent said:

"We should be glad to do him good, but we are afraid he will ruin all the other children. It is very bad for a school when a big boy sets a wicked example."

"We know he is a bad boy at school," said the parents, "but he is ten times worse at home, and he will be lost if you do not take him back."

"We could take him back if we could secure his good behaviour. I will see," thought the superintendent.

So he stepped back into the school, and rang the bell for silence. All listened while he said:

"That boy wants to come into the school again, but we cannot take him back without making sure of his good behaviour. Will any one be surety for him?"

A pause followed. The elder boys shook their heads. They said they knew him too well. The others did not care for him. But one little boy pitied the big bad boy, and was very sorry no one would be surety. The little boy went by the name of "Ragged Tom." It was not his fault that he was ragged, for his mother was very poor. The superintendent soon heard the little voice:

"If you please, sir, I will, sir."

"You, Tom? a little boy like you? Do you know what it means by being a surety, Tom?"

"Yes sir, if you please; it means that when he is a bad boy I am to be punished for it."

"And you are willing to be punished for that big boy?"

"Yes sir, if he's bad again."

"Then come in," said the superintendent, looking to the door; and the big boy, with a downcast face, walked across the floor. He was thinking as he walked, "I know I'm a bad boy, but I'm not so bad as that! I'll never let that little fellow be punished for me—no, never." God had graciously put that thought into the big boy's mind. He was helping Tom as a surety.

As the children were leaving school, the superintendent saw the big boy and little Tom walking away together. He said to himself, "I am afraid that boy will do Tom harm. I must go and look after them."

When he reached the cottage where Tom lived, he said to his mother:

"Where is your son Tom?"

"O, he's just gone up stairs with a great boy he brought in with him. I don't know what they are doing."

"May I go up?"

"O, yes sir."

The superintendent went softly and quickly up the stairs, and as he reached the top, he could see through the door that Tom and the boy were kneeling together. He soon heard Tom's voice saying:

"O Lord, make this boy that has been the worst boy in the school, O Lord, make him the best."

The superintendent knelt down by Tom's side, and they all prayed together.

God heard them, and he made the big boy to become one of the best boys in the school, and raised up friends for "Ragged Tom," who put him to school, and after that sent him to college, so that at length he went as a missionary to the heathen.

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Answers to April Puzzles.

56. SCRAP / CRANE / RANGE / ANGER / PEERS

57. M e a N / I m b u E / L o W / T r a c T / O u t d O / N o t i o N

58. Wilson. 59. Lyman. 60. Theodore. 61. Isabel. 62. Rachel. 63. Industry. 64. "The girl I left behind me." 65. L-ore. 66. F-loss. 67. M-Alice. 68. F-low.

69.
T
ERA
TRYST
ASH
T

70.
OKRA
KNAR
RARE
AREA

71. Benet. 72. Besot. 73. Betide. 74. Barbet. 75. Boyar. 76. Bracelet. 77. Ax-stone. 78. Caution, auction, action. 79. Cavan, Cava.

101.—*Prize Numerical Enigma.*

My whole, composed of 8 letters, is the name of a bird.

My 5, 1, 4, 3, we all have in our hands.

My 2, 6, 7, 8, we all have had in our mouths, but never willingly.

For the first correct answer, sent to the editor of this page, I will give a copy of "Old Ben Manx."

"BEAU K."

102.—*Absent Vowels.*

S S P C T T L B R R N D T R S T H M N T. (A proverb.)

CYRIL DEANE.

103.—*Puzzle.*

Whole, I am a vehicle. Behead, and I am skill. Give me a new head, and I am a market; change again, and I am a small lance; again, and I am an animal; again, and I am sour; once more, and I am not the whole. Reverse me, and I am a snare; then behead, and I am to knock.

"HOODLUM."

Hidden Fruit.

104. Sit in my lap, please.

105. If I go I will call for you.

106. A little money is better than none

107. Snipe are plenty in many parts of the world. "AUNT JERUSHA."

108.—*Cross-Word Enigma.*

The 1st is in peace, but not in strife;
The 2d is in spoon, but not in knife;
The 3d is in breakfast, but not in dinner;
The 4th is in saint, but not in sinner;
The 5th is in pail, but not in tub;
The 6th is in wheel, but not in hub;
The 7th is in church, but not in steeple;
The 8th is in pastor, but not in people;
The 9th is in shiver, but not in shake;
The 10th is in bread, but not in cake;
The whole is a small but useful thing.

M. A. G.

Anagrams.

109. Eat not tin. 110. Low beast. 111. A Van's car. 112. Go rogues. 113. Do rein late. 114. Learn raft. 115. I count a deal.

CYRIL DEANE.

116.—*Half-Square.*

A city of England; a town in New York; to want; a term for father; a preposition; a consonant. "HOODLUM."

117.—*Transposed Diamond.*

River Dee Dee V I.

The above letters rightly placed will form a perfect "Diamond." WILSON.

118.—*Decapitation.*

Decapitate a woman old,
And then behead again;
If you do as you are told,
You'll leave a number *less than ten.*

EMMA M. CHAMPLIN.

Alphabetical Vagaries.

119. Say that one letter is another, and name a carpenter's tool.

120. A letter arraying an *attache* of Queen Elizabeth's court in his master's panoply, will describe what now lies before your eyes. "BEAU K."

Hidden Geographicals.

121. That is his pen, certainly.

122. Yes, I am sure it is.

EMMA M. CHAMPLIN.

Answers in Two Months.

THE HOUSEKEEPER.

LEMON PIES.—Yolks of eight eggs, two tablespoonfuls of sugar, one cup of sweet milk, one and a half tablespoonful of melted butter, grated rind of two lemons, juice of one and a half lemon, pastry. Frosting; Whites of eight eggs, juice of half a lemon, seven tablespoonfuls of sugar. Pies—Beat the yolks of the eggs light. Melt the butter. To the yolks add sugar, milk, butter, and rind, and juice of the lemons. Pour the mixture into two pie plates, having a crust in each. Bake. Frosting—Beat whites of eggs to a stiff froth. Add sugar, beat it in well. Put in lemon juice, and stir again. When the pie is baked and cold, add frosting and put plates in oven long enough to make frosting a good brown color.

SMALL SEED CAKES.—One cup of butter, two of white sugar, three eggs, half a cup of seeds, half of milk and prepared flour enough to make a stiff paste. Roll it very thin, with sugar instead of flour, on the board and cut in round shapes. Bake it about fifteen minutes.

POTATO CAKES.—Take mashed potatoes, flour, a little salt and melted butter (to make them sweet, add a little powdered loaf sugar), mix with just enough milk to make the paste stiff to roll, make it the size and thickness of a muffin, and bake quickly.

EGG BREAD.—Take one pint of fine white Indian corn meal; mix into a smooth batter with warm water. Add three well beaten eggs, a spoonful of salt, two tablespoonfuls of melted lard. Bake in a shallow pan, and, just before placing in the oven, pour a gill of warm water or milk on the top of the mixture. It requires more heat to bake Indian meal than flour.

ORANGE CAKE.—Five eggs, the whites to be used for frosting; two cups of white sugar; four tablespoonfuls of butter; half a pint of sweet milk; one and a half teaspoonful of baking powder; two and a half cups of flour; the juice of one orange. Bake in four cakes. Put frosting between, and sprinkle the grated orange peel on it. Frost the top extra.

DELICIOUS ROLLS.—Half teacup of butter, mixed well into one pound of flour, half teacup of yeast, a little salt, and enough milk to make a good dough. Let it set in a warm place for about two hours, to rise. Then make into rolls and bake in an oven.

APPLE PUDDING.—Take stewed apples; sweeten to taste; add cream and nutmeg. Grease a pudding dish with butter, cover the bottom of the dish with baker's bread (if you have it); then fill the dish with alternate layers of bread crumbs and apples, being careful to have the apples on top. Brown in a moderate oven.

APPLE FRITTERS.—Make a batter, not very stiff, with one quart of milk, three eggs and flour to bring it to a right consistency. Pare and core a dozen apples and chop them to about the size of small peas, and mix them well in the batter. Fry them in lard, as you would doughnuts. For trimmings use powdered white sugar.

RICE PANCAKES.— Boil half a pound of rice to a jelly. When cold, mix with it a pint of cream, two eggs, a little salt and nutmeg. Stir in four ounces of butter, just warmed, and add as much flour as will make batter thick enough. Fry in as little lard as possible.

POTATO SOUP.—Nine boiled potatoes, one quart of milk, nearly one cup of butter, one medium-sized onion, salt, pepper. Boil, mash and strain the potatoes through a sieve. Add milk, onion cut fine, salt, pepper and butter. Put all in a saucepan and let it come to a boil.

ENGLISH COOKIES.—One cup of brown sugar, half cup butter, one egg, two tablespoonfuls sour cream, a little soda, cloves, cinnamon, nutmeg; make hard enough with flour to roll out; cut in thin cakes.

FACTS AND FANCIES.

AN INDIAN'S MISTAKE.—Some months ago a lot of Sioux Indians robbed a stage-coach on the plains, and found among the packages of freight a clothes-wringer. One of the chiefs had been in St. Louis several times, and had observed certain beings grinding terrific music out of a machine with the same kind of a crank as that upon the wringer, so a conviction seized his soul that this was a barrel organ. He had the wringer carefully carried back to camp, and made up his mind that from that day forward the silence of that solitary wilderness was going to be broken by a ceaseless round of tunes and vibrations. First he grasped the crank, and began to turn it, in order to show his braves how the thing was done.

He revolved it for sixteen hours, but no music came. Then the other Indians took a hand, one after the other, for a week. Then the squaws were turned on, but without any effect. Then the chief went out and stole a mule and a thrashing-machine, and rigged up a lot of blocks and pulleys, and ran a belt over the crank, then exploded powder under the hindlegs of that mule, so that he kept charging up the inclined plane of that thrashng-machine, and the wringer made sixty revolutions a minute. But it would not work. So the chief came to the conclusion that the concern was under some kind of a curse, and he ran out the medicine-man, and had a war-dance, and drove yellow pine stakes through a couple of white captives, and jumped around and howled, while the medicine-man played some wild mysterious music on a drum. Then the medicine-man hitched up the mule again, and, after starting the machine, he leaned up against it while he muttered an exorcism. In a couple of minutes the rubber rollers clinched his breech-clout, and began to haul him in with his knees doubled up against his face. When he got half way through he stuck, and the machine stopped. He couldn't move, and the chief was afraid to touch the wringer, so the braves fell on the doctor, and jabbed him with a knife, and scalped him; and then they buried him and the machine as they were.

That was the last attempts of the Sioux Indians to cultivate the fine arts.

"Will you please insert this obituary notice?" asked an old gentleman of an editor. "I make bold to ask it because I know the deceased had a great many friends around here who'd be glad to hear of his death."

A little girl, when asked by her mother about suspicious little bites in the sides of a dozen choice apples, answered, "Perhaps, mamma, they have been frost-bitten, it was so cold last night."

Abuv all things, lern yure child to be honest and industrous; if theze tu things dont enable him to make a figger in this world, he iz only a cypher, and never was intended for a figure.—*Josh Billings.*

No language is fully adequate to describe the kicking sensations of the editor who discovered that his Scriptural quotation, "Jeshurun waxed fat and kicked," had gone into print as "Johnson waxed fat," etc.

If any of our readers receive a note signed "Bhaskakarawongse," we beg to inform them that that gentleman is the private secretary of his serene majesty one of the emperors of Siam. He was selected for his post on account of the shortness of his name, his predecessor having been removed because *his* name was too long to be pronounced conveniently when the emperor wanted him in a hurry.

A man who will go the cemetery with his wife on Sunday, and weep over her first husband's grave, and walk home without a cross word shall have our vote every time he comes up for office.

There are various stations in life, but the least desirable is a police station.

A Brilliant Announcement for 1875.

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AN INDIAN'S MISTAKE.

(For Description see Page 502.)